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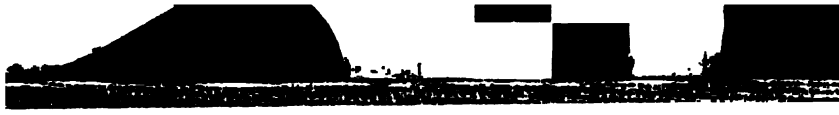
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THE BRIGHTER SIDE

OF

SUFFERING,

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

ROBERT WHITTET.

WHITTET & SHEPPERSON;
WEST, JOHNSTON, & CO.; AND J. W. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,
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TO

MY WIFE,

WHOSE LOVING SELF-SACRIFICE HAS MET AND WARDED MANY OF OUR MUTUAL SUFFERINGS,

AND TO

OUR CHILDREN,

WHOSE DUTIFUL AFFECTION HAS BEEN A SOLACE IN SEASONS OF CARE AND ANXIETY,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



ONE linnet's note the more or less
Within the wildwood's minstrelsy,
Can neither raise nor aught depress
The sense of joyous revelry.

And yet each linnet from the spray
His swelling notes melodious flings,
And pipes his own sweet roundelay
Heedless of how another sings.

He has a song 'tis his to sing,
And that he sings right earnestly,
And waits for neither serf nor king
To urge his heart to minstrelsy.

The skylark sings where bliss belongs,
That song an ampler field be given;
Takes to the clouds his seraph songs—
Throws half to earth and half to heaven.

And some sweet songster, near alight
On thorny perch, amid the throng,
Gives to the passing heart delight,
And cheers it with a joyous song.

So are the songs that poets sing
Within secluded quiet retreat,
But single echoed notes, that bring
Their quota for a volume sweet.

Each pipes his own peculiar strain,
On golden lyre or grassy reed,
And sings, and sings, and sings again,
To satisfy his own heart's need.

Yet may some raptured thought out-reach
 Far, far the poet's dream above,
And some faint wavering heart beseech
 To deeds of grace, and hope, and love.

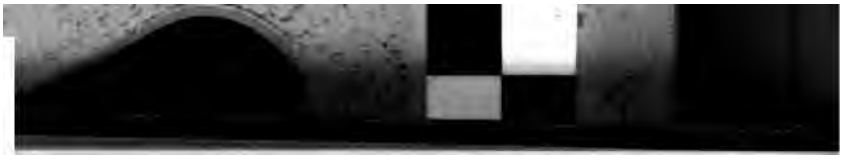
To sing has given one heart employ,
 And thus did end enough fulfil;
But if, resung, another's joy
 Is more enlarged, 'twere better still.

And so, self-pleased, I give the song
 That's kept my own past clear and bright,
If that, perchance, some other tongue
 May lift the lilt, and find delight.



PREFACE.

NO one who may honor the following pages with a perusal can be more conscious than is their writer of the imperfections they contain. It has long been his intention and desire to remodel and rewrite the whole; but the exactions of a life of toil denies him the opportunity, and an occupation that has demanded for the last thirty years rarely less than twelve and fourteen hours a-day of close application leaves but little hope that, if left till a "more convenient season," it would ever be accomplished, and meanwhile the affection of his own boys and girls, and a few dear old friends, pleads to see them in form fitted for leisurely perusal. It may be mentioned that the work is the product of odd half-hours and occasional wanderings by the wayside, extending over many years, which, with the lack of leisure necessary for revision, will account for the discursive character of many of the passages.



To his friends on the American side of the Atlantic the writer owes an apology for having inserted so many pieces written in the Scottish dialect. He trusts they may deem it a sufficient excuse, that, though resident among them a good many years, and the recipient of many kindnesses, yet the recollections of the old home and the friends there are very dear, and the idiom of his boyhood still remains the most expressive, and he loves it and everything Scottish with all the stubborn tenacity of his countrymen. He has, however, toned down much of the peculiar orthography, that they may be the more easily intelligible to the American reader.

R. W.

RICHMOND, VA., *Oct.*, 1882.

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THE

BRIGHTER SIDE OF SUFFERING.



THE

BRIGHTER SIDE OF SUFFERING.

"We count them happy which endure."—*Jas.* v. 11.

INTRODUCTORY.

BEING THE ARGUMENT, BRIEFLY STATED.

THE hallowed tear that falls from sorrowing eyes
Shows not how deep the source of suffering lies;
The heart that heaves in grief the unburdening sigh
But *hints* of wounds that hid within it lie.
Though friendship's hand may strive to wipe that tear,
And loving lips drop words of soothing cheer,
Yet for the wounds from whence such sufferings flow,
Earth's tenderest love no perfect balm can show:
Just so the ripple, breaking on the shore,
Yields music murmurs, but of use no more;
Yet as soft breezes o'er old ocean fanned,
Thrills his broad bosom o'er from strand to strand,

So not a falling tear or quivering sigh
But vibrates heaven's great sea of sympathy,
Which heaves in unison when tear-drops start,
And stirs the unfathomed love of God's great heart:
'Tis He alone can every grief remove,
And give the med'cine of his own sweet love.

I.

SUFFERING IN NATURE.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE. — MATERIAL FORMS NECESSARY FOR THE MANIFESTATION OF BEAUTY. — THESE PASS AWAY, THROUGH THE PROCESS OF DECAY, IMPLYING A CONDITION OF SUFFERING, BUT FOLLOWED BY HIGHER TYPES OF BEAUTY.

"We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." *Romans* viii. 22.

"The glorious beauty shall be as a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer."—*Isaiah* xxviii. 4.



I.

SUFFERING IN NATURE.

"The wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy."

CAMPBELL.—*Pleasures of Hope.*

WHAT is beauty, or where is beauty found?—
Is it in form, or tint, or harmony of sound?
Yea, 'tis in all things,—all the eye can trace;
'Tis near, around, and stretching into space;
Spring gives it birth,—how beautiful its buds!
And summer nurtures it with weeping clouds;
Autumn brings to maturity its form,
And winter wraps it in his mantling storm.
We climb the mountain, mark its towering height,
And view it, scaleless but to eagle flight,—
Stand solitary on its crags, and gaze
O'er hill and dale,—could anything erase
The voiceless essence which pervades the whole
We see,—that pleasure poured into the soul,

From all around,—as if our lofty stand
Drew to us, as to a centre, that grand
Flow of feeling which streams on every hand,
Converging in our breast?—Could ye destroy
That out-given sweetness, that permeating joy,
And still preserve those things from whence it comes?—
Keep all o'er which the eye delighted roams
Just as they are,—in form and tint the same,
Yet with no power to please,—with scarce a name
To mind us of those sympathies that rose
At sight,—those feelings which our hearts disclose,
And link us unto all around,—bind us
With fetters of all-pervading kindness?—
We cannot!—all the grandeur of the scene,
The varying tints of Summer's green,
The rich brown mellowness of Autumn's glow,
The virgin whiteness of the falling snow,—
The beauty that resides in each of these,
And all their power to teach and please,
Is from their substance indissoluble;
Though Nature rolls, plenteous and voluble,
Her wealth of glory over all her works,

We cannot separate that power that marks
The beautiful from whence it emanates.—
'Tis Nature's self, in gorgeous garb, creates
Within our bosoms, almost spite our wills,
Love for her fields,—love for her mountain rills,—
Love for the cadence of their mirthful dance
O'er rock and fell,—love for the darting glance
Cast through the wind-swept clouds by slanting ray
Of eve,—for songs of birds upon the spray,—
Love for the flowerets on the sloping banks,
With all their fragrance, and their serried ranks
Of varied hue,—love kindled into glow,
To see the branches kiss the stream below.
Beauty is but an essence,—not a thing:
The burnished gildings that to all things cling;
But 'tis a quality we cannot seize
Or handle, howsoever much it please.
We cannot analyze its parts, nor frame
A special garb t' exibit it to fame;
It floats through all, like thought within the mind—
An unembodied vision, which we cannot bind;
But just as thought creates a manly mein,

So beauty adds the grandeur to each scene:
In fine, although attachable to all,
With *things* must its existence stand or fall.

Who has not wandered in the forest glade,
And marked the greaf beech rear its towering head,
And, by its graceful contour bound, hast stood,
Admiring it as king of all the wood?—
But go and come again, and mark the change:
The stalwart woodman's cruel hands derange
Its sweeping outline; its heaven-pointing stem
Lies prostrate on the sward, and fain would claim
A tear, to mourn so fair a friend laid low—.
Its grandeur gone—its beauty faded now!
One thinks it tells its sorrow, for we hear
Its withered leaflets rustle on our ear,
And fancy 'tis its dying groans that greet
The rude intrusion of the passer's feet.
Or see the delicately tinted flower,
So sweetly fragrant in the morning shower!
How kind its greeting as we early roam—
How grand a trophy for the house at home!

Envious thoughts with admiration vie—
We'd spare, and yet posess!—(oh! tell me why
Affection mingles with a thought so base?)—
We pluck, to deck our lov'd one's parlour vase,—
Exultingly secure the gaudy prize,
But ere the evening comes its beauty dies!
Or watch, when clouds upon the landscape lower,
The playful freaks of sunshine and of shower;
With gorgeous hues they strive t' adorn the day,
But, like a child, dash all their work away!

From pole to pole, all things in Nature's range
In homage bend before unbending change;
And over all the land, o'er hill and vale,
By river side, in field, or glen, or dell,
Beauty lives, but it is lasting never—
'Tis lost as time its fading vessels sever!

But can fair Nature, who such beauty marks,
Know aught of suffering in her varied works?
Has she, too, blighting cares, that fret and tease,
Or can she feel the knawing of disease?

Can it be that canker worms may prey
On her vitality, and eat her life away?—
Hast thou not seen the storm sweep from the main,
And, howling from the hills, dash o'er the plain?
Or heard the crash of lightning-riven rocks,
The moaning forests, and the up-rooted oaks?
Or felt the earth to quake beneath our feet,
As if in space were phantoms that did greet
It in its course, and it shuddered with affright;
Or as if trembling with an ague blight,
And its vibrations were the rack of pain—
A thrill of agony it could not refrain?
Or hast thou seen the spreading beech tree torn,
As thoughtless youth swings on its graceful form,
And felt it to our pity had a claim
While we gazed on its mutilated stem?
Or felt a dread to see the willow lean
Its aged trunk far o'er the silver sheen
Of mirror'd lake—dread lest in vanity
It stretched the bounds of staid security?
Or qualm'd to pluck the tendril from its root,
Or tread the gentle daisy under foot;

Or pull'd the rosebud, and then heaved a sigh
To see a thing so sweetly fragrant die?
Do not such tender sympathies proclaim
That suffering owns a universal fame?
For these are but the throes of Nature wild
That stir within our breasts such pity mild.
Yes! Nature must be suffering day by day,
Else in her works she'd never know decay;
We'd hear no lilt of reapers on the plain,
For no green blade would ripen into grain;
The glad, gay summer would unvaried reign,
And hold its court in July's richest green,
But with no tintings of October brown,
Sear'd into yellow for November's crown;
No leaflets flee before December's blast,
Or winter's mantle o'er the land be cast;
For these all tell of suffering and decay,
Of beauty fading from the earth away!

How oft we speak about the setting sun
As like the old man when his days are run;
It speaks of ending time, but most the strife

Of being—the grandsire sailing out of life.
But is it so?—then 'tis the miser's death,
Who hoards his treasure till his latest breath;
For whom repentance opes the long-clasped hand,
And blessings showers on friends, a long-spurned band—
For once is reckoned by cold puirtith good—
Knows once in life the joy of gratitude;
And now, when suffering frees from passion's guile,
The unburdened heart can well afford to smile;
And while the heaven-born laugh yet lights his face,
Sinks into death, and ends on earth his race!
So is the glorious orb that rules the day;—
He keeps for eve the grandeur of his ray;
With lavish hand casts gold o'er cloud and soil;
Gives legacies of freedom unto toil;
And 'mid rejoicings of his rich bequest,
With benizens sinks smiling in the west!

When dies the day, in golden glory drest,
It seems in suffering to catch all the best
And richest robes 'tis gladness' right to wear,
Fringed with the azure of the upper air;

And when the shadows tell 'tis growing old,
And the sun has bequeathed the sky his gold,
And every tree on the heights would seem
As codiciled each with his golden gleam,
And eve, ere entering the gateway of night,
Flutters with awe of uncertain flight,
The stillness that reigns o'er the landscape lone
Would say all were sad for a friend that's gone;
Yet so cheerful the face which each object wears,
No stint to the measure of gladness appears;—
The quiet is not grief—there's nothing to mourn,
'Tis "good-night" to one who'll at morn return:
So partings on earth, and fond friendships riven,
Have a sure-laid hope of re-union given,
That mellows the grief encircling the grave,
Where God lays for slumber the true and brave.

Methinks that the stillness which Nature wears,
And her sweet, sad smile when the sun disappears,
Reminds us of groups on the sea-beaten shore,
Who've parted from friends, when the parting's o'er:

Silent they stand—no word—(for tear or sigh
May mar not the stillness, more than the balm
That's wafted by zephyrs o'er evening's calm
Disturbs the solitude)—and the wearied eye
Watches the bark and the fluttering sail
The mariners spread to invite the gale;—
The skimmings of thought make their faces sad,
But the depths of their fathomless hearts are glad!
Else why should they part?—why sister or sire
Part brother or child, if the glowing fire
Of the early ties of affection are crushed,
Or the homeward beatings of heart are hushed?
Nay!—those tendrils remain that start to life
With our being, and serve, amid the strife
And contention fierce of our worldly spirits,
To preserve us fresh youth's early merits!
And the silence impressing life's parting hours
Is a secret joy of the heart, that pours
The unction of awe from the past-gone time
O'er the coming hours and the far-off clime,—
Is the prayer, unuttered by lip or sound,
That, fragrant of faith, at the Throne is found,

Beseeching that guidance unerring be dealt,
When parting makes doubt of the future felt!

The sweet-toned instrument, attuned to joy,
Which hearts to aid their merriment employ,
Once flourished in the wood, a sentient thing,
That grew in beauty with each opening spring,
Until some soul, to sordid dreams given o'er,
Sent the sharp axe of suffering to its core,
Yet, fashioned now into a beauteous form,
Can solace sorrow or wake passion's storm,—
By all—the lowly and the noble—given
More honor than before its life was riven
From out the forest where it towered to heaven!
So 'twas, in fabled times, the great god Pan
Conceived to give sweet harmony to man,
And drew the graceful tapering reedy sedge
From out its bed within the river's edge,
And dashed the beauty of its life away,
Uncored and pierced, and then attuned to play!
So the whole world, from age to age is blest,—
By music swayed to valor, or to rest.

Thus things in Nature come, endure and go,—
Rise into sight, and glide with fitful flow
A little hour upon the stream of time,—
Then steal away, like some faint pleasing chime:
For seems not Spring the natal day of earth,
When all in nature blossoms into birth?
And what is Summer but its manhood's prime,
That beautifies one little speck of time?
And what is Autumn but its dying day,
When bud, and flower, and fruit haste all away?
Each month glides on its withering career,
Till Winter comes, the sexton of the year!

But, strange, beauty that has in suffering fled
Has not entombed its preciousness, though dead;
For all the riches that fair Nature spends
Is backward drawn; in truth, she only lends
Her wealth on usury; bountiful she gives,
Demanding that as fully she receives:
Each withered flower—the hedgerow's scented leaves—
The seared foliage which the wood bequeaths;
The untold wealth which spendthrift Autumn 's flung

Broadcast o'er the earth; and all that Spring-time wrung
In love's allurement from her teaming breast,
She seeks again, and kindly has carress'd:
Like the fond mother for her boy, how fain
She clasps the outcast to her heart again!
The bubbling spring, the wimpling mountain rill,
That 'mong the flowers runs truant down the hill,
Is caught again, and captive brought from far,
Upon the cloudlet's airy prison car,
And, urged to duty, nourishes anew
The heathery friends whom once before it knew.
So is it over all:—the very leaves
That flutter loose and vagrant on the breeze
Are stored again, to feed the parent trees.
Like the repentant prodigal returned,
When vice is quenched, and love once more has burned,
Devotion marks him, and his acts presage
That life will soothe a once-wronged parent's age.

'Tis herein lies the point I wish to prove:
That, through suffering and decay, all things move

Onward—upward—into a nobler state
Of being: suffering is the palace gate
That ushers unto vigor and new life;
It is the world's cosmetic, and the strife
Of dissolution is its base of strength,
On which new forms of beauty build at length!

The earth, how beautiful soe'er it be,
In the season of its flowering,
Can keep it not,—its graceful garb must flee
When comes the Autumn's showering.

The glowing petals of the fragrant rose,
The tulip's gaudy painting,
Deck each but briefly one small spot, then throws
Away its gorgeous tinting.

The cushat's cooing in the woody brake,
The song-bird's lilt upon the tree,
Are given in sunshine's brightest,—as to wake
A few short hours to melody.

The swallow, swift of wing from far-off climes,
The welcome guest of summer's sky,
Marks for her flight the season's changing times,
And, scarcely come, prepares to fly.

Lured into joy by Spring's all-powerful sway,
The woods assume their verdant dress,
But soon the cankering russet of decay
Their richest glories dispossess.

And then is heard, as if 'twere Nature's dirge,
The wail that sweeps along the boughs,
Like requiems sung when deep-laid sufferings urge
The burial of fair Spring-time's vows.

And the flowers all withered, and the red seared leaves,
Fallen, are driven before the blast,
And the dull sighing of the pine that grieves
In unison with things dead and past;

And the cheerless twitter of the lonesome birds,
Their song to solemn silence hushed;

And the sweet joy that summer-time affords
Beneath the foot of Winter crushed;

And the breaking wave on the rock-bound shore,
And the wrath of its rolling crest,
When the storm sweeps on with revengeful roar,
And the moan from its heaving breast:—

These are sweet Nature's throes—the pangs that wring
Out all her loveliness, and cast
Away the jewels that she fain would fling
As blessings from her fruitful breast.

These are the sufferings 'tis her lot to bear,
As one in fellowship with all
That in creation's wide-spread joys have share,
Or rank in death's destroying thrall.

Ah! wondrous thoughts arise when we would think
Of all things suffering!—can it be
That Nature also trembles on the brink
Of unknown immortality?

And, like to higher forms of life,
Are thrilled with joy, or chilled with pain,
And, knowing all the bitterness and strife
Of seared and broken hope, would fain

To some land fairer, purer, look,—some clime
Wherein they may bloom on for ever,
Without the sighings or the griefs of time,
Without the wintry frosts that sever

The buds and blossoms from their robes of color,
And harmony from song and sound;
Without the brightness having shades of dolor
Cast like palls where joys abound.

We scarce conceive there can be perfect joy
With old things wanting 'mong the new;
So we would love to see the sweets of this
Fair world within the next so true.

To see the daisies of our early days
Meet endless day with unclosed eye;

And find the rose to bud and bloom always,
And not a petal fade or die.

To hear the linnet on the yellow furze
Trill out his lay untiringly,
And through that land, on vales and mountain spurs,
Meet such dear friends unsparingly.

But hush! the heart that long has thrilled with love
For all God's beauteous handiwork,
Knows well that greater loveliness will move
The springs of joy beyond the mark

Where earth hath set perfection's estimate
Of all that's loveliest and best;
And that the coming will far more elate
Than all that's faded into rest;

For there, howe'er those hearts close knit on earth
May dream to have their loves renewed,
And what below was beautiful set forth
Again on high, to be reviewed

With holier ardor, and with purer thought,
And widening with an ageless youth,
Yet will their hoped for fancies seem but nought
Beside the realized truth.

And all that's needful for the loftiest joy,
Be 't flower or fragrance, song or sight,
Be, at the Master's bidding, there, to employ
Their garnish to increase delight.

And with this wider thought those beauteous forms
His hand hath made and fashioned here,
Will dearer seem when neither sun nor storms
Will blight or cloud the untimed career.

Then will this withering and this fading seen,
This sickening and this dying,
Appear as only that which must have been,
Ere full bliss could banish sighing.

Then will the storms that stripped the forest bare,
The frosts that nipped earth's tender things,

Be understood, and seen as mediums fair,
To give their beauty heavenly wings;

And dear old memories will come clustering forth
Round things that had in time given bliss;
And heaven seem fairer when we find that earth
Hath thither sent its loveliness;—

That will, with undimmed lustre, live for aye
In forms familiar as of old;
And present, with their wonted ties, alway,
But purified to heights untold.

II.

NATIONAL LIBERTY THE FRUIT OF SUFFERING.

FREEDOM, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS, SECURED THROUGH SUFFERING.—SCOTLAND; SWITZERLAND; POLAND.—SUFFERING INVOLVED IN SLAVERY.—EMANCIPATION THE RESULT OF WAR.—THE SUFFERING OF WAR.—GOOD MEN SUFFER FOR THE COMMON WEAL; ALBERT; HAVELOCH; JACKSON; LEE.—NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS INFLUENCE MEN'S OPINIONS, EVEN TO THE ENDURANCE OF SUFFERING.

"Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy."

POLLOK.—*Course of Time.*



II.

NATIONAL LIBERTY THE FRUIT OF SUFFERING.

"The deepest suffering may be the condition of the highest blessing,—the sign, not of God's displeasure, but of His tenderest love."—DEAN STANLEY.

WHAT we have found in nature to be true
Is also fact 'mong men and nations too;
Suffering is the deep substratum of our right—
The starting point of freedom's upward flight.
The liberty which now we prize so high
Was gathered—sealed—in ages long gone by—
Wrenched from tyrants whom our sires withstood—
Sealed at the stake by sainted martyrs' blood.
Ask ye for proof?—Then do we bid thee turn
To Edward overthrown at Bannockburn;
Or farther back, unto that field of pain,
Where gallant Hay had vanquished the Dane:
The groans of Bannockburn and Luncarty
Were prayers of patriot people to be free!

Or cast thy thoughts back where hate's flickering fires
Have lighted up St. Andrew's ancient spires:
Though kindled to consume fair liberty,
They burned her fetters—set her conscience free.
And was not Israel from her fetters torn
By sacrifice of Egypt's eldest born?
And was not Canaan for the people gained
By dint of arms—by spear and sword, all stained
With the red heart's blood of the foes of God?
And Israel, too, sustained the afflictive rod—
Was trained and nurtured into hardihood,
By years of suffering and wandering toil—
Of suffering deepened by the sad recoil
Of hope, when forth the solemn edict went
That life must on the desert sands be spent.
And every age reveals the self same tale,
And every land that knows not slavery's wail;
For every people who have wrong withstood
Have laid their sure foundations deep in blood!
The Swiss are free—Tell and their fathers fought;
Circassia fights*—how dearly is her freedom bought;

* 1842—1859, under Shamyl.

And Italy, who sowed so late in years,
Already reaps the harvest of her tears;
Her flowery plains, her cloudless summer skies,
Are emblems of her state; for never dies
The fruit of suffering,—from such costly seed
Must, soon or late, a healthy growth proceed.

Once, struggling from her shackles, Poland rose,
And for a season knew that calm repose
That ever comes as sweet reward of toil;
But 'twas too soon, and far too great the spoil
Which she enjoyed for the suffering endured;
More sacrifice must be!—and she was lured
To chains anew—afresh trod trouble's path;
Brim to the full the measured cup of wrath
Was the demand; and for long years she drank
The bitter draft—to galling bondage sank;
But as the tiger ever thirsts for blood
When tasted once, she, struggling from the goad
Of slavedom, stirs her to the fight anew,
And yields the sacrifice to suffering due;
Once more her sons have gathered to the field;*

* 1864.

Her mothers freely on her altars yield
Their dear ones; gladly suffering, they make
Their bright homes desolate for freedom's sake!
But ah! how vain!—what mete of suffering thine,
That thou no longer 'mong the nations shine!
That fate lets Cossack power, with ruthless hand
Reve every vestige of thy favored land!
But deem not war, nor tented camp, nor field
The only source which val'rous deeds can yield;
War cannot strip a land of all its brave,—
Some leaven still is left—some seed to save!
The mine, for ages robbed its precious store,
Gives in abundance still its golden ore;
The fountains, running ever, still run o'er,
And swell the rivers as they did of yore;
Unfailing Autumn fills the waving ear—
We garner up its ripe gifts year by year;
And can one's dear-loved country ever lack
Wisdom or force to guide her in the track
That leads a nation unto greatness?—shall
Thy land for lack of sons from glory fall?
Nay!—thy plains may yet bare hearts as brave,

Generous and noble, as they ever gave,—
A race whose breasts with innate honor glow,
Whose hands can wield alike the sword or plow.
Brave Poland! every freeman prays for thee,
Great as thy sufferings may thy glory be!
From listed empires kings may blot thy name,
But powerless are they to erase thy fame
From out the roll where history's heroes shine,
In blood-red light on suffering's sacred shrine.*

From the far West, from o'er the Atlantic's waves,
The wail of weeping over myriad graves
Comes like the moaning of the storm at night
Through the leaf-stript woods, when the clear star light
Is quenched in the storm-cloud's murky haze,
And the moon in wrath withholds her rays.

* Poland was partially partitioned between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in 1772, again in 1793, and wholly in 1795; but the people have persistently retained, and frequently endeavored to assert, their nationality, last in 1864, which resulted in failure, and Poland has since been completely blotted from the map of Europe, though her strennous resistance has always excited the sympathies of other lands.

Why is that wailing so loud and so deep?
Is it because that so many hearts weep?
Yea!—From the North's great cataract stream,
To the far south gulf, where the torrid beam
Glares from the lift of a cloudless sky,
Rank on rank to the battle plains hie,
And the gathering hosts have met in strife,
As fierce as the tiger at bay for life;
For a people suffered in bondage there,
Whose skin had been tanned under Afric's air,
And the wrong behooved to be wiped in blood,
And the wrong-doers yield an altar flood;
Freedom for long had been cursed with blight,
More bitter than gall, for the slaver's might
Had tightened the bonds with arrogant pride,
And would lengthen the chain on every side;
But liberty mocked at the straining grip,
At the tightened cords, and the lengthened whip,
When the sharp overstrain had burst in blood,
And gastly war beckoned all to a shroud.
 Deep in the hollows of human hearts,
Like a rich set gem, the Spirit imparts

A sacred sense of right and wrong,
That follows man's steps like a warning gong,
And quickens the soul's perceptive light,
And makes it lean to the cause of right;
As if God, directing his course anew
Ballasted life with the good and true,
Implanting the honor of things divine,
In the hope that such would his heart incline;
But the spirit of earth, though powerless still
To o'erwhelm the good in the heart with ill,
Becomes, like the mist when the ocean's toss'd
With the winter's storm and the drifting frost,
So befogged in the voyage from day to day,
That temptation's shoals are hid away,
And though breakers are heard on every side,
Man careers along, and no wrecks betide;
And he laughs at the storm and scoffs at fear,
And deems him safe amid dangers drear:
So North and South, united in wrong,
In peace and amity lived for long,
Unblushingly heedless of good men's scorn,—
The garlands of grace which honor adorn

No object for them: their fancy made
A lawless code of the darkest shade,
With chivalrous dreams that patched its flaws,
And stood in the room of better laws!
And if conscience stung—(for it stings in all,
And seared is the heart if it lightly fall)—
They quiet its might with the balm of rage,
Or argue it right from the sacred page;
But the soul innate in a nation's heart
Asserts the right of the purer part,
And, growing for ever, it waxes strong,
And defies the might of the doer of wrong,
Till embattled hosts are brought to bear,
And they strike at last on the rocks of war!*

*For the general reader no apology is needed for the opinions expressed in this volume: but the writer has many personal friends on both sides of the Atlantic, who from accident of birth hold contrary ideas in regard to slavery, and who will probably form his most numerous readers, to whom a word of explanation may be requisite. Born in Scotland, and therefore inheriting objections to all that relates to slavery, it will not be wondered that he should have portrayed it as one of many phases of suffering; and to his old friends he desires to give the assurance, that after several years residence in the "Sunny

And what of the fight?—whose is that wail?—
Can it be that the swords of the freemen fail,
And that that loud victorious shout,
Is the slaver exultant in their route?
Ah! the all ruling Eye against sin is keen,
And demands that they whose hands are clean
Shall alone engage in such works of love
As shall from the slave his bonds remove,
And that they who act in His righteous name
Shall first be made pure in suffering's flame;
And the North to the wrong had shut their eyes,

South," where it was a peculiar institution, he has not seen any reason for a change of sentiment in regard to the thing itself; yet it has afforded him the opportunity of knowing that the influences resulting from it were not all of evil, even to the slave; and as to his owner, that it may exist in a state of society the most refined, and yielding as many examples of honorable integrity and true Christian piety as those communities where it is unknown. Yet there is no getting over the conviction, that it was a wrong against that freedom which is the natural right of man; and the South may be thankful that, after having in the inscrutable providence of God been permitted so long, the fulness of the time had at last come, when, with all the liabilities to abuse involved, it has been swept away.

And sought with the slaver a compromise;
For union's sake they'd have shunned the fight,
Forsaking the slave and the cause of right;
But the God of battles decreed in fate
That freedom's more precious than rights of state,
And against them roll'd the dread wave of war,
Till urged by an aim that was nobler far
Than to number a foe with the gory slain,
Or bring the outlawed to allegiance again;
So the Southern sword was victor in fight,
Till freedom to all was proclaimed a right,
And slaver and slaved stood alike as men—
No longer endured the galling chain;
But victory changed sides from that glorious hour,
When the chief proclaimed from his seat of power,
That Africa's sons were no longer bound,
Nor the tawny skin should a slave be found:
When the stars shone forth from the cloud of sin,
Their armies marched forth with might to win;
And the stripes, with weight of tyranny curst,
Trailed from that hour in gory dust!
Not the brightness of courage nor height of skill

Could avail in the fight, for the cause was ill!
The bravery of Jackson, the valor of Lee,
Before the strength of right must flee,
The flower of the land—its manhood and youth—
Succumb in the warfare of holy truth.*

Ah! who may tell of the suffering cast
O'er North and South in that gory past?
Or reckon the hosts that met in the fray,
Who sighed on those fields their life away?
Or the bright day dreams of the fallen brave
That sank with their bones in the dreamless grave?
Or number the hearths where widows sit
With their fatherless ones disconsolate?

* It has been remarked, as curiously assertive in this age of skepticism and unbelief that Providence still retains the rule over the affairs of creation, and is still, as of old, the God of battles, that until the proclamation of emancipation made the primary cause of the war hopeless as to restitution on the part of the North, victory was mostly on the side of the South; but after that event, the success of the Confederate arms gradually waned, notwithstanding the undoubted ability and grandeur of character of leaders like Lee, Jackson, and others, and the gallant intrepidity of the soldiers under them.

Or the hearts that may bleed for years to come,
O'er death-broken vows in the soldier's tomb?—
And the treasure!—but the treasure is nought,
Nor the poured out wealth of the people aught,
Save as it adds to the sufferings borne,
Or lengthens the sorrows of hearts forlorn,
Or drags down pride from its haughty seat,
And makes it with lowly poverty sit,
Transformed from its base and hollow ring
Into a sweet, and pure, and holy thing.

The skin it pleased God to make so dark
Envelops many passions;—as the ark
Enclosed the varied forms of ancient life,—
The peaceful lamb and savage beast of strife
Mingling in amity and concord sweet,
Each savage instinct for the time discreet;
So in the heart within the tawny form
Soft love may beautify and hate deform;
Nor more nor less the skin surpassing fair,
May rise with hope, or falter with despair;
To every soul which God hath made was given

Aspirings for the holiness of heaven:
And though sin's hand, like rival power, gives forth,
Dilutings from the sordid things of earth,
The tear of grief, the laugh which joy may claim,
Dims every eye, thrills every breast the same;
And dare a man, whom common things entwine,
Point to a brother man, and say, "He's mine!
He's mine to labor for my own behoof,
Increase my riches, and uphold my roof;
Mine is each daily effort of his skill,
And mine to hold and loosen at my will!"—
Surely suffering never took a form
More deadly cruel!—the raging winter storm
May be relentless, yet the weary find
Some shelter from the cold and beating wind;
But from man's wrath no respite knew the slave,
Till came the sheltering rescue of the grave.

From day to day unceasing rolls the sun,
And light diffusing shows the day begun;
The earth gleams forth in gladness at the ray
Whose power dispels the gloom of night away;

The song-bird's music in the leafy wood
Seems angel echoes, as, unseen, the good
And pure of heaven hang o'er us as they sing,
And testify how things celestial fling
Their own sweet holiness upon the earth,
Preservative of those of heavenly birth
The world may still possess; so, too, the flowers
Ope wide their dewy cups, and fragrance pours
Upon the morning breeze, which gently fans
The new-waked day unto its busy plans
For life's refreshening and the good of all.
But other echoes mid the beauty fall,—
They seem like music of a merry sound,
Yet break discordant on the joy around;
They mar the gladness of a morn so bright
As much as evil garbed in robes of light
Would mar the hallelujahs round the throne
Of heaven's great Lord; for 'tis the sickening tone
Of slaves who sing as marching to their toil,
Whose hearts, so far debased, know no recoil
From such deep degradation as can smile
While whips goad on a-field, and sing the while.

They suffer!—suffer, and yet know it not;—
Suffer a life without redeeming spot
Of sweet strung hope to allure their weary way
From youth to age, till manhood's crown of grey
Is rescued unto spirit world away.
This lower life brought no expectant good
Beyond the allotted scanty dole of food;
No dawning morrow bade heart-fears allay,
But rather came the medium of dismay;
For comes—they reck not why—the enquiring gaze
Of men whose words depreciate or praise
The bones and muscles wherein God entwined
His own pure essence, as a temple shrined
To His own honor;—men of grosser mould
This temple barter for a price in gold,
And list the groans, so frantic, fierce, and wild,
Of grief at parting mother, wife, or child,
Unmoved!—oh! that such men were brought to know
Their own flesh pricked with biting slave-wrought woe,—
A touch—no more—of that which they inflict,—
A wife beloved set on the stand erect
For sale, and with her sold all love's sweet charms,

Or prattling child torn from his fondling arms,
No longer his,—unknown his path in life,
With all but certain dreams of strife,
And misery and toil, from morn till night,
While night may bring no cessage from the fight.
Ah! little 's needed of pain's foul alloy
To mar the pleasure of our daily joy;
The wonted comforts of each passing day
Dispel our peace if haply shorn away;
And if, when of our smallest wants deprived,
We fancy times of hardship have arrived,
Who may fathom all the depths of woe
Through which the enslaved in agony must go,
Who know no comforts but as others give,
And on the doled-out bread of others live?

All hail, Columbia, healed thy dreadful wound,
That made thee leprous to the world around!
Sharp was the med'cine that hath wrought thy cure;
But it was needful that thou shouldst endure,
In deep repentance, suffering's blood-red skaith,
To cleanse thy hands, and purify thy faith.

Thou couldst not wield the slaver's tyrant rod,
And yet achieve the purposes of God;
His vast designs must unretarded flow,
Whate'er the cost, where'er the pathways go!
Thou hast thy mission, which thou dar'st not flee,
And holy 'tis, for God hath given it thee,
And, straining thee through vengeant love, He hath
Redeemed thee from the guilt that clogged thy path.

Land of the South,—the bright and sunny South!
Purged in suffering's holiest fount of truth,
Tried in the fire where valor proves her sons,
On flood and field, where glory's pathway runs,
Now may'st thou 'mong the dauntless stand erect,
Freed from the encumbrance of a guilty act;
Among the nations take an honored place
At last, with honest mien and noble grace;
With vigor rise from dull lethargic life,
And find thy joy in higher walks than strife;
Now, suffering past, with grateful feelings see
In freedom given that thou thyself art free,—
Freed from fostering 'gainst the light of time

Deeds which all other men esteemed a crime;
No more surrounded by the base-born slave,
Obsequious to the hand that shackles gave;
No longer listeners to the saddening songs
That came from hearts unconscious of their wrongs!
Hard were the woes those years of war passed o'er,
When holy suffering pierced thy bosom core;
But coming times of genial smiling peace,
Blest with God's care and bountiful increase,
Will raise thee high above thy mete of woes,—
Enjoyed once more the olden time's repose;
Yea, more than ever know a stronger force
In life, when coming from a purer source,—
Gladdened by the retrospective thought
That suffering hath for thee deliverance wrought,—
That righteous laws should now thy hands restrain
Imposing on the lot of others pain;
And—surely not the smallest joy—to see
Those once enslaved enjoying liberty.

The warfare's o'er; the martial hosts disband,
And balmy peace once more smiles o'er the land.

Ah! what a change! The cheerful sun looks down
Where onee was happiness, and finds it flown;
The silvery moon still reigns o'er tranquil night,
But finds quiet evening joy dispelled in flight;
The shining stars still twinkle in the sky,
But ah! there is no wondering childhood nigh;
War's miry hoof has trampled in the dust
More hearth-fed joy than centuries of rust
Had e'er corroded, and the face of man
Dreams on the pathways, spiritless and wan!
An all-pervading gloom hangs like a pall,
And, broadcast strewn, pale suffering's shadows fall!
Why shines the sun so beautifully bright,
As if to show death's path in clearer light?
Why yields the moon her beam, so silvery pale,
Revealing havoc's footprints in the vale?
Why shed the twinkling stars their wonted gleam,
As if men's agony were but a dream
Which morning would dispel, and the short range
Of life's experience never know a change?
Where can the zephyr find its fragrant breath,
With only fields to kiss where lie in death

Those loving hearts whose absence casts the gloom
On all around—that loneness of the tomb?
The sun shines brightly in unclouded day
To draw the heart from sorrowed loss away;
The moon glides forth majestically calm
To cast o'er harrowing grief a softening balm;
The dreamy stars shed forth their trembling beam
To prove heaven's friendship constant—like their gleam:
As darkest night serves but to bright their ray,
So God is nearest when thought far away;
And Summer's breath finds fragrance in the plain,
From flowers once dead, but now in bloom again,
To wean the soul from saddened care away,
And cast hope forward unto endless day,
Where love-rekindled hearts, to bliss passed o'er,
Know that they cannot—cannot—suffer more!

Oft time's relentless surges break the roll
Of living heroes, and is heard the toll
Of mourning ringing o'er the smitten land:
As when some prince, departing, strikes the band
That binds men's hearts in brotherhood and love,

And its vibrations wound those springs that move
To tears, and million-echoed is the wail
That lone hearts utter when deep griefs assail.
So was it when Britannia's tears were made
To flow with sudden flood, and bend her head
In blackest sackcloth,—when her noble queen,
Beloved of every realm of earth, was seen
In widowed weeds,—when Albert passed away,
And yielded place to Him who is the stay
Of widow and of orphan,—to whose care
The royal and the lowly both so welcome are.
So felt old England when her Havelock laid
Aside the sword that led the avenging raid;
When he in victory heard the mandate given
To change his camp, and bivouac in heaven.
And so it was when, in defeat's suspense,
Virginia saw her "Stonewall" of defence
Fall like some lofty sea-surf-beaten tower,
That, bravely battling with the storm gust's power,
Succumbs at last, and, its bright beacon light
Submerged, the darkness seems as deeper night.
And so when Lee, within his quiet retreat,

Portrayed the hero grandest in defeat,—
As greatest they who, conquering self, can dare
To seek retirement—there their sufferings bear,—
And men had learned to reverence and love
His noble modesty and mien above
The deeds achieved amid the strife of war,—
The wounds of heart as more than battle scar;
And when the tidings flashed across the land,
That death had raised him up with gentle hand
Above the conqueror's meed of praise or fame,—
Above the monument of storied name,
The unbosomed echoes of the people's wail
Became a requiem for the brave who fail
To win those rights so dear in patriot sight,
Self-conscious that their cause, though lost, was right.

Three hallowed names in glory's halo wreathed;
Three swords for suffering drawn, in suffering sheathed;
Three stars that shine with clear unsetting ray;
Three flowers whose bloom will never fade away;
Three plants whose fragrance perfumes duty's shrine;
Three gems set in Fame's coronet to shine;

Three clarion notes clear sounding far away;
Three echoes bounding back again for aye;
Three marks on history's page emblazoned fast
Three precious deed-rolls on its records cast;
Three footprints deep indented on time's sand;
Truth thrice embeaconed on a wreck-strewn strand!
Come, view this triad!—for a moment scan
This mingling strange of soldier, saint, and man!
Say whence the halo round those names revered,
Or whence the valor of each dauntless sword?
Say whence those stars hath lit their peerless gleam,
Or why those flowers and fragrance fadeless seem?
We speak of saints, and fancy conjures up
The meek of heart who drink of suffering's cup,—
Presents earth's salt as poor and abject seen,
And paints heaven's heirs effeminate and mean!
But holy fervor here unshamed we find,
And fragrant prayer, that marks the grace-trained mind,
United with the soldier's fame-fired goal,—
The manly vigor of the patriot soul,
And deeds achieved which age will brighter paint,
Because the sword was wielded by the saint!—

On Fame's long roll there are no greater three,—
No truer men,—than Havelock, Jackson, Lee;
And this their strength: they were, through gain or loss,
Staunch soldiers of their country and the cross!

How wonderful the contradictions seen
In men whose lives are beautiful, and green,
And fresh, and lovely,—whose affection glows
Bright as the sunbeam,—from whose heart there flows
The grace of goodness as if native born!
But yet in whom some accident will turn
Athwart the truth, as some small boulder laid
Within the fountain has the waters made
To flow in streams divergent, and whose path
Becomes the line dividing peace and wrath,
Just as men's fealty lies on either side,
By patriot dreams inclined, or hate, or pride!
Thus did Tweed's waters in their cadent flow
Divide the Scotsman from his Sassenach foe;
And the broad Danube sullen holds at bay
Men whose opposing passions court the fray.*

* Russia and Turkey, 1877.

To find within some thickly peopled land
Men of erratic mould,—or some vile band,
Whose lives, sin-fostered, are at war with right,
And who, if leaders, sow but lawless blight,
Were nothing strange; but oh! to see one thought
Impel a people unto actions fraught
With issues bearing unto myriads woe,
And just across some mountain peaks, that throw
Their kindly shadows upon either side,
Or o'er some river's margin, where, nor wide
Nor deep, its waters sing their lullaby
Of peace, and roll to the unfathomed sea
Old memories of feud, and wash away
The blood-stained histories of the olden day,
To find the self-same thought's antitheton
Force as with one heart another nation on
To carnage! and yet both will holy deem
Their mission, and claim that heaven redeem
Its law's vouchsafement unto righteousness—
On victor and on vanquished look, and bless!
How strange this unity of thought begot
Of country!—strange that truth discloseth not

The self-same features upon either side
The imaginary lines that men divide!—
That minds should differ in those finer shades
Of thought whereinto speculation fades,
Is nature's rule; for broad-browed reason's field
Ten thousand flowers of varied colors yield,
That each may cull what suits his fancy best,
And that defend, be satisfied, and rest;
But that a nation's many-millioned mind
Should in its choice be compact and combined
On one vague thought, nor ask how it may prey
On what their neighbors see another way,
And as one soul unite its utmost might,
And in the face of heaven assert it right,
Is strange indeed,—strange that in unity
It has in truth no deeper-rooted plea
Than one's own land; for 'tis so often found
That choice by geographic lines is bound;
Thus France arrayed with willing zeal its force
To aid Napoleon's wild ambitious course,
And Europe rose as one great host to quell
What France—usurper—claimed through glory's spell;

And so on either side that fancied line
Which faction made—which North and South define—
We find all men in solid rank unite—
A-south to assert that slavery is right,
A-north to paint its wrongs in deepest dye,
And each for his own phase of truth would die!—
Say, who so bold as hold the scales betwixt
Those martyred thousands—weigh the truth's pretext,
And say how much of seeming wrong was right,
Or how far right was wrong, howe'er the fight
May've laid the laurel upon either head,
Or cast false glory's gilding o'er the dead?
Say, who would arrogate the umpire's post,
To poise the plummet when the cause is lost,
When he finds ranked upon the losing side,—
The side whose special sin the world decried,—
Men whose pure hearts the self-same world applauds,
Whose hero souls already history lauds,
And all the good of all the land—the bright
And fair, and ev'n the church, God's prime delight?
Ah! when our judgment would in haste condemn
Acts which our conscience dictates to contemn,

Because from our benarrowed stretch of view
We cannot see the beautiful and true,
Or only that dim clouded light arrays
Some rank morass that meets our nearer gaze,
Let us remember that the other side
May have their vision lengthened and made wide,
To find with deeper insight something good
Grow where we deemed that weeds alone had stood:
On barren rock and time-becrumbled wall
The boor can see no ray of beauty fall,
But he of heart above things mean and gross
Finds treasures in the lichen and the moss;
The untamed Arab rides o'er mounds of sand,
And sees no wonders in his arid land;
But cultured reason lays those sand mounds bare,
And reads the lore of long-gone ages there!
No glory shone for Saul's keen bigot eye,
But Stephen saw revealed heaven's Lord on high;
And when upon the wide Damascus road
There shone heaven's sun-eclipsing light abroad,
'Twas Paul alone interpreted the voice,
Or saw revealed enough for life's grand choice;

So may it be, that when we fret and chide
To see good men on seeming evil's side,
That there are sides and phases of a wrong
That from their standpoint unto truth belong,
And seem so clear endorsed by heaven as right,
That willingly they suffer in the fight:—
'Tis thus we find unsheathed for slavery
The swords of saintly Jackson and of Lee!

All nations move as if in strange commotion,
Seething as if some bitter, sad complaint
Made men unrestful as the restless ocean,
And stirred their hearts to overthrow restraint.

As if the laws that good men reverence
Were the repressors of things just and right,
They seek in thoughtless haste a severance
From that which gives to righteous men delight.

Where, God-ordained, men sit in sceptred power,
Its blatant notes sedition rings;
And, as if this were evil's darkest hour,
Spills sacred blood in governors and kings;*—

Forgetful of that hallowed influence shed
O'er men and nations called on to endure;
Or of the wider thought, that so are laid
The deep foundations making freedom sure.

From out the long past's centuries of time,
Choose out those lands impressed of deathless fame,—
Wherein the records are the most sublime,—
And 'twill be found that those who've suffered claim

The most of honor and the most of praise,
The most enduring of things good and true,
And stand the firmest on the truth, to raise
The standard of the holy into view.

*The Emperor of Russia and the President of the United States, assassinated 1881.

Waldensia's valleys and her mountain peaks
Bask in the sunshine of Italian skies,
Yet brighter glory truth's great cause bespeaks,
Because her people spent their dying sighs

For truth—for God's truth,—as they knew it well,
And deemed it precious, and of priceless name,
So now for them the world's loud peans swell,
And their's the martyr's crown and hero's fame.

And so for Swiss, for Huguenot, and Pole,
Has history writ its warmest words of praise,
Because in suffering they poured out their soul,
Heedless but of that sense of right that stays.

The stirring psalms the covenanters sang,
In glens sequestered and in lonely woods,
Still from old Scotland echoes, as with tongue
Of silver, to teach the world those sterner moods

Of soul and mind demanded of true men,—
That estimate of right that will not place

Aught of life's good, or of thought's lower plane,
Above the grander themes of heaven and grace.

Those now are noblest and reap most of peace
Whose fathers in the long-past roll of fame
Were truest to the truth,—who would not cease
To assert, through suffering's ordeal, every claim

Of conscience to unfettered liberty,—
Of God's law paramount in heart and soul;
And of that inner sense that claims to see
The only real within the further goal.

We do not reap at eve seed sown at morn,
But wait till Autumn has matured the grain;—
So is our joy of right—as well as scorn
Of wrong—the fruitage of the long past's pain.

No nobler heritage can nation own
Than the long record of its heroes gone;—
No truer pride than in the plaintive groan
Of hearts that, sighing, fought for truth alone.

No emulation for our sons can claim
Like power to ennoble and to purify,
Than that their sires endured in suffering's flame,
And in the hour of need shrank not to die.

The prayers that pleaded in the cause of truth,
The sighs in secret for the wounds of faith,
The pangs that rent ten thousand hearts in ruth,
Unwrit, have deep impressed each people's path;

And the imprint, still its truth repeating,
In faithfulness to every passing age,
Must bring at last the long-sought time of greeting,
When all the suffering born of passion's rage

Will, in the glory of the gospel's beaming,—
The reign of peace the Master's kingdom bringeth,
Give place to seasons all of gladness, streaming
Down life's highway, and so each traveller singeth,—

Singeth because unburdened of his care,
And, sorrow fléd, his joy to heights may raise,—
Just as, when freed sin's temptings to beware,
The native feeling of the soul is praise.

III.

SUFFERING IN THE INDIVIDUAL LIFE OF MAN.

No Condition of Life free from Suffering.—Being Universal, creates a common Sympathy.—Conduces to Gentleness and Kindness.—The Sick Couch.—The Mother Bereaved.—The Widowed.—The Emigrant; Unsuccessful; Broken Hopes; Home Love.—The sanctifying Influence of Remembered Mercies.—Inclines the Heart to have Faith in God.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."—*Rev.* iii. 19.



III.

SUFFERING IN THE INDIVIDUAL LIFE OF MAN.

"When He hath tried Me, I shall come forth as gold."—*Job* xxiii. 10.

AND what of man?—surely it cannot be,
While all things suffer, he alone is free;—
Such were not good; yea, were it not a flaw,
If Nature's chief were freed from Nature's law?
Yes!—in all ranks man suffers!—for his food,
For learning, wealth, and honour,—every good
He knows, each wish he cherishes, is gained,
Each height to which ambition lures attained,
By struggling in the up-hill path of toil,
Through weariness, in industry's rough soil.

'Tis in the student's solitary room,
Though books may yield the soul a rich perfume;
And where the pastor plans with humble mind
How, for his Master's sake, to save mankind;

And where the artist would the ideal adorn,
And toils to give the shadowless a form;
And where the ardent child of science strives
To solve the wondrous problems of our lives;—
Those hidden heroes on the world attend,
And morn, and noon, and night, and pleasure spend;
They suffer all,—they work, they toil, they scheme,
Each wastes his little hour upon his little dream,—
Adds each his grain to knowledge in his day,
And then within the past is hid away.

But see it rather at the bed of pain,
Where fell disease sweeps down the manly frame;
'Tis there that suffering works its noblest end,
And seeks, with sore affliction's weight, to bend
The wayward soul back to the course of life,
Or give the worldling rest from weary strife;
The lights and shadows of the fading past
It brings to mind; but like a mirror casts
The brightness of the future over all,
And at the last relieves the dreaded fall
Of flesh o'er-weighted towards unburden'd life,

And pruning out despair, amid the strife
Of change supplies a staff to cheer, and bear
Departing souls beyond earth's scenes of care.

When seared and shattered hopes of earth begin
To commune with the yearning soul within,
And broken sighs for disappointment keen
Give place to searchings for the world unseen,
Then is revealed God's purpose—that strong line
That binds all acts as one, and can define
Why there is sun to-day and cloud to-morrow;
Why every joy is followed hard by sorrow;
Why 'tis our frames should have such sense as pain,
Or, having felt, why oft renewed again;
Why in our beings we experience aught
To check the pleasing current of our thought;
Or why our hearts such contradictions seem,
That love and hate we may twin brothers deem!
Thought crowds the tortured mind with thousand things
To which the quivering sting of suffering clings;
But yet, though bruised when life's devastings fall,
To know God's loving hand arranges all,

Smooths every passing fretful care, and pours
The oil of faith upon life's doubtful hours,
And lights the buoyant mind upon its way,
Cheerful because it owns a Father's sway.

Time is an island in a shoreless sea,
Whose rocky strand,—the mouldering moments—flee
Before the surges of eternity;
To rippling tides the hours are ceaseless prey,
And stormy gusts tear centuries away;
Onward, upward, steals the billowy wave,—
No skill the islet's narrowing space may save!
Or river 'tis, unshored by vale or mountain,
Rolled from eternity's unceasing fountain;
And men are fishes in its stream, that glide
Their life away upon its rocky bed,
Scarce conscious that its waves from day to day
Are ever onward rippling away,
And that no act of their's may stop its course,
Or of its moment-drops repel the force,
That breaks to-day in wild tumultuous flood
O'er the unheeded bank, and field, and wood,

And yet to-morrow, when its wrath has fled,
Will bear unbroke the fragile lily's head:
So grief to-day sweeps past with angry sway,
And suffering hearts can find no steadfast stay;
And yet to-morrow will see sweet peace shed
Its balmy slumbers o'er the aching head:

The sufferer's couch, where watchers tend
With loving hearts, that anxious bend
Through weary hours, has its design—
(So like the flowers, God's gifts divine,
The beauteous hawthorn and the rose,
Which each with sharp-set prickles grows!)—
Laid thick with griefs, but blooming sweet,
When watched and watcher mutual meet,
Besiegers at God's mercy seat,
Constrained to seek a common weal,
Because of sorrow's soft appeal.
The grief designed has gained its end,
When love, pure-pinioned, soars, to send
A missive to the throne of grace,
That each might bear with cheerful face

The burdens each is given to bear,
Unthought of what itself must share,—
The watcher for the sufferer praying,—
The sufferer's pleading strongly staying
The unselfish hearts and willing hands
That mould the gifts that God's love sends
Into ten thousand shapes, that yield
The balms that rest, and soothe, and shield
From deeper woe the suffering one,
Till from his pillow pain has gone.

Yet though the pain has left the frame,
Still may the burdening grief remain:
The heart and soul, of finer mould
Retains the wrappings pain would fold
Around the whole man, like a cloak,
Even though the frame repells the yoke,
And once again permits the laugh
To light the face, or lips to quaff
The nectar time may strive to pour
Upon the frettings of the hour!—
The deep-sunk impress of a grief
Is ne'er erased, whate'er relief

The outer casing of the man
May find;—the inner soul will scan
The spot for ever, like a wound
That's partial healed, and often found
To sting as with the olden pain,
When memory looks within again!
Great sorrows lie too deep for cure,
And all that passing days assure
Is but alleviation's balm,
That sheds—as to the storm the calm—
A holy quiet, that leads the soul
To seek the one retreat,—the goal
Set shining onwards in the race,—
The home of bliss and perfect peace.

The babe that once was pressed with loving strain
To the fond mother's heart, though ne'er again
Within the same kind arms can folded be,
Has left the old love clinging faithfully;
And though the daisies may have come and gone
Year after year upon the darling's tomb,
Yet do the nights of watch and days of care—

The hours which suffering hallowed—still keep bare
And fresh the affection of the olden time,
And yield the cadence of a perfect chime
To hearts once wounded, sweet as summer showers,
When memory rings it out in pensive hours.

And when, adown life's current floating slow,
Earth's mated hearts with happy cooings go,
It may be scarce begun the joyful voyage,
Which hope has drawn out unto elden age,
Ere the sad mandate is received, to cast
Aside the aspirings fostered of the past;
Or mayhap, given a longer sail, to see
Life's widened frith ope on the silent sea
Expanding boundless through eternity,
And then, with all love's vows fulfilled, to find
The mutual service wherein heart and mind
Had long been stayed, snapped with the sudden throe
Of widowed suffering—loneliness and woe!—
The hasting hours, tinctured of griefs agone,
Do each enroll their measured bliss, unknown
Until the ne'er-forgotten parting hour

Has laid the halo of its own sweet power
To soothe upon the lone heart left behind,
As if the past, dreamed o'er again, unmined
The old love as a jewel bright and fair,
And set in farthest glory, like a star
That shines with ever-onward beckoning ray,
To guide hope's footsteps o'er the untrod way
That still remains ere opes life's new career,
That knows no widowhood, or sigh, or tear.

As mountain streams, which small and smaller grow
In summer's drought, get purer in their flow,
So suffering drains the fountains of our life,
But purifies its stream from turgid strife;
It makes us—lesser angels of our God—
To own our Father in His chastening rod.
Then thole, ye suffering brave, for suffering's barb
Drags off the shackles of our earth-worn garb,
And bids the etherial spirit upward fly
To wear the robe that waits it in the sky.

How oft does suffering's keenest pain and woe
From the rank weed of discontentment grow!

Men spurn the promise of the spring-time hour,
And in impatience seek the summer flower
Ere summer sunshine weans its beauty forth,
Or summer zephyrs float its fragrant worth;
And at each effort to achieve the prize
It seems to fade, and farther distant flies;
The unresting heart upturns the growing seed,
And kills the flowers that might have decked the mead.

Thus Henry's home, with love and comfort blest,
Seemed just the spot where weariness might rest,
And, throwing off each burdening care of life,
Seek freedom from the world, and toil, and strife.
For years had it been Henry's constant pride
To tend and beautify on every side:
Within, nought spared for cosy comfort's flow,
Without, could make a fairer flower to grow,
Till seemingly no further room was left
To beautify;—then was incentive reft;
For Henry's mind could see none other prize
Than winning good which in the future lies.

And thus it is, methinks, that men are found
Still searching in some fancied treasure ground,

With golden dreams that will to-morrow come,
But which each morrow finds no nearer home;
Yet still they search, and search, and never yield,
For hope still beckons on from field to field;
Whate'er rewards may bless their constant toil
But whets the ardor for some richer spoil;
The world unrolled shows other fields to till,
And, these possessed, they seek for better still!
What can it mean that men thus ever live
Unsatisfied with all that earth can give?
Is 't not that God has planted in the soul
Instinctive longings for a nobler goal
Than all the joy it is wealth's power to give,
Or, bound to earth, the undying soul receive,
That thus, drawn gently unto God Himself,
The sated soul may scorn earth-gathered pelf,
And find alone full satisfaction given
For minds immortal in the bliss of heaven?

So Henry pondered oft, and read, and dreamed,
Of far-off lands, whose rich luxuriance seemed
To offer scope wherein a home he 'd build,

Better far than native scenes could yield;
Where children loved might find a sweeter bliss,
And freer laugh, and bask in happiness;
Where richer soil made wealth in plenty flow,
And summer skies weaned lovelier flowers to grow.
How bright the view which from afar is seen,
Though many a reedy quagmire intervene!
How great the cherished prize before 'tis won,—
Ere yet the achieving struggle is begun!
The black morass, when seen from mountain height,
May seem Elysian, promising delight;
The crown that glittered as with gem and gold
May prove but tinsel when the hands enfold;
So the bright dreams that Henry's fancy loved
To paint, but mean and unsubstantial proved.
The o'er-pictured tales he 'd read of fruitful soil
Had been but lures to draw the sons of toil
From other lands, with sinew-gathered gold,—
Perhaps some ancient patrimony sold—
To realize some schemer's plaintive tales
Broadcast scattered over Europe's vales,
Reckless of sufferings, broken hearts, and death,

Entailed on myriads who believed in faith!
Virginia's fields hold hearts now bleeding sore,
And sighs waft from the "old Kentucky shore;"
The "sunny South," and far-off western lands,
Throb with the curses of ex-patriot bands,
Who pine on sterile waste and prairie wild,
In temper fretful as the wayward child,
Who find their idol but a worthless toy,
Which from afar had promised lasting joy;
For bliss ideal they 'd sought a foreign strand,
Forsaking friends and happier fatherland,
And found, too late, 'mid suffering and wrong,
That they had listened to a siren's song.

At dusk one autumn eve poor Henry sat
And listless mused,—he hardly knew on what;
But gazed upon the sun's last sinking ray,
And watched the fading daylight speed away,
Or marked each shade that tints the gathering cloud
Ere night enfolded all in sable shroud.
He saw the gold that streaked the sky o'erhead
Die into purple, and to deeper red;

The ruddy glow that lit the west with fire
Each moment quench, and further off retire;
And blue and green of ever-varying shade
Into dull leaden hues and darkness fade,
Till mantling black hid wood and field from sight,
And earth seemed one huge cavern—'twas night!
 Long Henry sat, as if in dreamy rest,
With closéd eyes and head upon his breast;
His hands were clasped around his lifted knee,
And now and then the unconscious sigh would free
Itself, and lift his bowed head, and some
Few words escape, muttering of "dear old home!"
At length the spirit stirred to newer life,
Broke into words, and gave to thought relief:
"Just as the draping of this golden light
"Has gradual sunk to depths of darkest night,
"So the bright hope that led my feet to stray
"Has been dispelled with graded stealth away;
"But ah! the burden that o'erhangs my heart
"Is that our loved ones too must bear a part
"Of all our follies—that sufferings belong
"To those who had no partnership in wrong.

"My God! do Thou forgive my heinous guilt,
"That rudely cast Thy mercies off, and spilt
"Those tender comforts which Thy hand bestowed
"Upon my darlings; for, indeed, they owed
"More to the loving-kindnesses of Heaven
"Than aught their foolish father's hand had given!
"Oh! that this shadow, ominous of dread—
"This cloudy darkness o'er life's pathway shed—
"Were all dispelled, and give my heart relief
"From the keen sorrow of presaging grief!
"For still the evil success of the past
"O'er every coming hour a blight has cast."

Ah! such sufferings from disappointment flow
As that the heart can scarce know deeper woe!
For then the future's measured by the past
And o'er each act the dread of failure's cast!
Were not so much the joy, and bliss, and power
Of other's love thrown o'er the passing hour,
'Twere best by death to have one's aching eased,
Than thus to live with hope and faith diseased.
But disappointment's keenest suffering lies

Not in the thought that love's prized object flies
Before 'tis grasped; nor yet, when sought and won,
It cheats the hope, and then away is thrown;
These may indeed awhile destroy the bloom
Of joy—perchance create a life-long gloom,
Or in extremes turn veins of fretful pride
To coward madness in the suicide;—
But oh! to win affection fond and true,
And know it leans implicitly on you;
To toil for love, and find love's labour lost
On sterile fields, or, as obstructions, toss'd
Like jagged breakers in the mariner's path
Unmapped, yet stretching far in angry wrath;
To know that long for trusting hearts you've toiled
In faithfulness, and find each effort foiled;
To see each plan that seemed to promise fair
Bring forth but bitter fruitage and despair:
This to those hearts where loving-kindness dwells,
Wherein no sceptred selfish passion quells
Those better traits that mark the purer soul,
That leans to goodness as a magnet pole,
Surely no form that suffering can assume

Can yield a deeper pang or darker gloom;
To love is life to such, but bitter gall
That sought-for good should as dark evil fall
On cherished ones;—to have life's blessings barred
Were naught, if innocence had never shared
The burdened toil of sorrow and of grief,
That bears, unseeing outlet of relief!
So to the pure—and Henry—past belief,
For 'tis the pure that deepest know of grief;
And though 'mid every hardship love is found
A blessed balm, yet love 'tis gives the wound,
And into natures gentle strikes the dart
The deepest; it is the tender loving heart
Who most, when crushed beneath great suffering, lies
Broken, expresses fragrant sympathies.

"Father, why sitting out so late to-night?—
"Oh! so dark it is!—come, all is light
"Within;—our star—the baby—ain't so shy
"As those that's hid their twinkling from the sky!
"Here you have sat alone the whole night through,
"And mother says that supper waits for you.

"Come in, then, father, ere the damp dews fall,—
"We love to have you sit amongst us all!"
Two tiny arms were gently round him thrown,
Two eyes in fondness peered into his own,
And, bound by withes that love alone can win,
He kissed her "yes," and let her lead him in;
And there the warmth, the comfort, and the joy
Of home, that brooding thought would fain destroy,
Cast for the passing moment far behind
The darkened shadows of his o'ercast mind;
And yet 'twas but a moment, for ere long
His gloom returned, more tyrannous and strong;
For still misfortune—(as the boisterous sea,
That heaves in wrath the great bark ruthlessly,
When past the storm, nor more the billows break,
Floats to the gaze the remnants of the wreck)—
Tumultuous holds within the suffering heart
The bitter wrongs that pierced its wounded part;
And though in smiles love strives that grief be lost,
The shattered hopes of life float uppermost;
And Henry's heart, attuned to minor key,
With pride saw all in joy, yet plaintively;

For his the kindly soul whom grace had taught,
That, loving well, life is with duty fraught,
And hence the measure of forecastive care,
That sees his comforts greater than they are,
Yet shorter lived, and seeks with anxious quest
To know how far they'll go—how long they'll last.

Ah! short the distance man can see ahead,
When cares like mists across his path are shed;
When of to-morrow he can only guess
What woes may come to curse, what blessings bless!
And such is best, for otherwise 'twere found
That pain and suffering would precede the wound,
And half the agony of future strife
Be added to the passing ills of life;
And best, for thus are hope's inspirings shed,
That prompt the anxious heart to look ahead,
And still, while stumbling o'er life's darkened road,
To trust the arranging Father-love of God;
And best, for, seeing but a little way,
We dare not into dubious by-paths stray,
But, bravely trending to the far off goal,
Set each intent of hand, and heart, and soul.



Within the dwelling there was nothing strange;
Its furniture was common; past the range
Of common life nought seemed to have a place;
For Henry found that care with quickened pace
Came in to thwart those schemes where Fancy swa
And adds the gracefulness to homely ways;
Yet were all needed requisites replete,
To beauty scrubbed, and scrupulously neat;
And keener observation would have found
Some little bijou scatteréd around,
The special objects of a kindlier care,
Which held a sinecure in sufferance there,
Revered and cherished, and by all caressed,
As relics of a splendor once possessed:
So monarchs exiled, of their honors bared,
May mingle with the vile ignoble herd,
Yet in their bearing wield a royal will—
Their kingly natures may be kingly still.
Thus once was heard, slow booming o'er the
The passing salute which the mariner gave
To him whose wild ambition empires shook
The imprisoned tenant of Helena's rock;

Though now unthroned, denuded of his power,
Men yet remembered his victorious hour,
And rendered homage, and when victory's wave
Had ceased, still honors to the conquered gave.

When all the little ones were slumber-sealed,
Henry that night his pent-up thoughts revealed;
Spoke of the past, but tenderly, as one
Who mourned—the more he could not mourn alone;
Showed how his toils had ended in defeat,
And how, continued, they would farther cheat;
How the past harvest's garnerings were gone,
With nothing left to bring the coming home;
Then why, he argued, should he longer stay,
Where Providence but thwarts and drives away?—
With diligence he 'd tilled, in faith he 'd sown,
But God with blessing had refused to own;
Then change he ought, and change he would!—he 'd rise,
And flee the path wherein such trouble lies;
He 'd seek once more the busy haunts of men,
And in their bustle find a beild again;
But sad it seemed,—and sad he felt it, too,—
To leave the wreck, and start the voyage anew.

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With morning light the news was spread abroad,
That "father goes to seek a new abode;"
And varied thoughts with varied knowledge rise—
The less they knew the spirit higher flies;
For change in youth gives hope a loftier flight,
But drags ripe age from its accustomed height;
The young in joyousness of change were glad,
The toiling hearts in doubtfulness were sad;
Yet all felt love's instinctive yearnings come,
And paint with brighter glow the dear old home,
And prayed that father's mission might be blest—
The suffering of doubt give place to rest.

A few more days in preparation spent;
One holy Sabbath altar raised, where, bent
In reverent prayer, the household high-priest sought,
Of Him whose sacred counsels still are fraught
With good unto his own, whate'er betide
To mar life's projects and misfortune chide,
Direction in the path 'twas his to tread,
Because unknown the way, or where it led,
And asked heaven's power to cast a safeguard kind
Around the dear ones whom he left behind.

Firm as a hero with a cause to serve,
And resolute to win, Henry steeled each nerve
For parting—dashed the intruding tear away,
And scattered sunshine kisses light and gay,
And then with tripping footstep,—(which he meant
Should hide how much his aching heart was rent)—
He left the spot where hope had traitor proved,
From home an outcast, yet with longings moved
To seek home's shelter as the grandest prize—
Earth's synonym for heaven's sweet paradise!

I have a thought that at the plain fireside,
What 's true in men is best exemplified;
For though there all must own a father's sway,
And all a mother's tender love obey,
Yet 'tis at home familiar we become
With things august and good, and habit from
Their nature oft detracts the gold of love,
And makes what else were precious base to prove;
Yet may it be—would it were oftener so—
A sire's example in his children grow;
His reverence begets a sacred fear,
And holiness is inbred year by year.

Oh! love is like a summer day,
When sunny pleasures crowd:
When brightest shines the silver ray
Nearer the thunder cloud;
But mother's love and father's care,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
Still make our hearts the sunshine share
Of love—sweet love at home!
O home-love! sweet home-love!
There 's no love like home-love;
Though all else may faithless prove,
Lealty 's aye in home-love.

O'er the prarie waste the wanderer
Plods with laggard step alone;
On the billow toss'd, the mariner
Treads his watch, even starlight gone;
And from whence, to such ones weary,
Can a sweeter comfort come,
Than to know that hearts sit dreary
For their sakes, far, far at home?
O home-love! sweet home-love!
There 's no love like home-love;

Wander where our footsteps may,
We cherish still our home-love.

The bustling world to some is joy,
Or dreams of golden gain—
What loved ones gone would deem a toy,
Perhaps esteem as pain!
When to the mind, 'mid care and strife,
No resting-place can come,
The balm for every ill of life
Is surest found at home.
O home-love! sweet home-love!
There 's no love like home-love;
The sweetest rest for aching breast
Is the couch of home-love.

As where the purest light is given
The brighter are the flowers,
So when the life is likest heaven
The purest joy is ours;
And thoughts of highest bliss are bound
By heaven's unclouded dome,

And most of heaven on earth is found
Around the hearth at home.
O home-love! sweet home-love!
There 's no love like home-love!
The purest—best—the sweetest zest,
Is surely found in home-love.

But ah! beside the love of heaven,
Earth's best we dare not name,
For there the lovers' hearts, unriven,
Are changeless and the same;
But still earth's dearest, tenderest ties
Nearest to heaven's standard come,
Where'er the barb of grief and sighs
Are solaced best—at home!
O home-love! sweet home-love!
The purest love is home-love;
Though all else may faithless prove,
Faithful aye is home-love.

Long Henry strove with anxious zeal to gain
A foothold on that mountained mass of pain

That restless seethes within the city's bound
For lucrous wealth, as if in it were found
Life's sweetest joy; but ah! who mostly find
How false is fortune's balance—how unkind!
That all their struggles make their cup o'erflow
The more with suffering and with anxious woe;
But light at length broke through the gathered haze,
And let our hero find with clearer gaze
His bearings 'mid the rough and boisterous sea
Of care that toss'd him long so ruthlessly.
He found a friend—just in his time of need—
Whose willing counsel proved a help indeed;
Like to the plank flung by some saviour hand,
That bears the shipwrecked sailor to the strand,
An opening came—(God-sent, he thought, and praised
The Friend in heaven, the friends of earth, who raised!)—
By which, in virtue of those common ties
Wherein man's freedom, yet dependence, lies,
He entered upon man's heaven-vested right,
The right to toil!—with sweating brow to fight
Life's battle with a strong and earnest arm,
With love, and those beloved, the inciting charm.

If from his sorrows thou wouldst save thy friend,
Wouldst give him smiles, and bid these sorrows end,
Urge him to work—place duties in his hand,
And that his hours have profit, too, demand:
To quell our woes, or still our anxious fears,
Hard labor's sweat is better far then tears;
Action keeps grief-laden thoughts at bay,—
'Tis solitude that eats the life away.
Workers, be hopeful,—there's blessing in your toil!
Heavy it is; but heaviness 'twill foil;—
Pity those rather, shelterless who stand,
Without the refuge found in labor's hand.

The wearied traveller longs for gushing springs,
And leafy shades, that rest and comfort brings;
But scanty oozing drops the hard rock gives,
And the thin foliage overhead relieves
But little of the noon-day glare; but oh!
How sweet the draught when gathered handfuls flow;
How grateful is the thin wood's partial screen,
And heaven's far blue, and earth's rich pillowy green!
The scanty draught, the feebleness of shade,

Is for the weary still more precious made;
So is it in the toiler's life of care;
Though small the dainties falling to his share,
They are the sweeter when they come at last,
And all the hardships of the hours that 's past
Are easier dropt, as if they ne'er had been,—
Lost in the measure of the joy that 's seen
To flit within the easy grasp of heart
And hand—made into jewels by love's art.

How much of bliss was his he deemed that day,
When, bared his arm, he cast old pride away,
And stooped to labor, who himself for years
Had been the poise where centred others' fears;
Whose voice had but to call, "To come," "to go,"
And willing feet would hasten to and fro
To execute, by his directing sway,
What his conceivings brought to light of day!

How may we judge of feelings such as this,—
To suffer so, and yet to know such bliss!
Say, was it suffering to be thus brought down

From ease and comfort to bear puirtith's frown?
To accept, in lieu of promised joy, the post
Of menial service, and retrievement lost?
Or was all balanced by the grateful thought,
That, though each effort day by day had brought
But lessening hope, and faith was harder tried,
Yet was the Father's guiding hand espied
Down all the way, and clouds that gathered round
Were rent, and then, with glad and sunny bound,
Did faith, and hope, and joy once more assert
Their rightful throne, and fear and dread depart?—
The man was humbled,—humbler!—not the less
A man,—a noble man!—because to pass
Through suffering's ordeal is to break the charm
That lures to trusting in an earthly arm;
And as each prop he leans on falls away,
Heaven's tender mercies come with gentle sway,
And lead him to a calm and safe retreat,—
The Rock of shelter cleft for weary feet.

Hope's further flights now spurn the earth, and rise
Beyond life's gropings; for as heavenward flies

The lark, glibly and buoyant, through the clouds,
Shunning their screen of mist, till distance shrouds
The tiny warbler, and his happy song
Is heard as murmurs that to bliss belong;
(As if a choir of sainted spirits bent
Backward their course to earth again, and sent
Their sweetest strains to herald their approach,
Lest we on their pure holiness encroach;
Or seems it whispers of an angel band
Who chant to us the lays of "better land,"
As if our guilt their hearts to pity move,
And thus would wean us to a life of love!)
So soars the heart on sorrow's plume away,
And knocks expectant at the gate of day;
The fluttering pinions of life's wounded wing
Seeks quickened flight, and higher, and would fling
Far backward all the encumbering thoughts of time,
And change earth's weariness for bliss sublime.

There's nought, howe'er to be despised it seem,
Howe'er ignoble, or how gross or mean,
But may yield pleasure to the virtuous mind,—

Wherein the good some kindred good may find:
The diamond glittering in the regal crown,
Once a rough, ungainly coat could own,
But yet, long ere it felt the workman's skill,
It was the gem—the priceless diamond—still!
So is't in life: there 's those around, I wot,
Princes in heart, though we may know them not:
Man we would reckon by his aim,—whose soul,
Pure in itself, would strive a purer goal;
But as the swallow, skyward ta'en its flight,
Diminished is when reached its farthest height,
So is the heart when grace has given it birth,—
The nearer heaven the less 'tis seen of earth!
As springs unknown adown the mountains flow,
As flowers unheeded in the wild woods grow,
So has the town, the city, vale, and glen,
Their deeds heroic never known to men!

Life flits like measured music day by day
From instruments which half-trained players play,
With many notes that mar the symphony,
Yet on the whole right pleasant harmony.

In merry mood one would too fain employ
The trilling alto of hilarious joy;
And in our toiling hours the world's refrain
Lilts in the tenor's euphony of strain;
And charity—life's sweetest lullaby—
Breathes forth its blessings as a melody;
But 'tis life's sorrow—'tis its suffering—brings
The heart, that "wondrous harp of thousand strings,"
Its mellow bass—the deep sonorous tone
That softens all the parts to unison,
And yields the sweetly plaintive minor note,
That soothes the troubled soul, and helps to float,
Like Æolian murmurs on the summer air,
One's thoughts to heavenly regions calm and fair.

Just as the sun, at night's deep darkened hour,
In other lands is tinting o'er each flower,
And will with rosy morning come and show,
Though hidden now, he can't forget to glow,
But will o'er all profusely shed his ray,
And tint *our* rosebuds too, all bright and gay;
So, though the heart may be in sackcloth clad,

And weight of suffering make the spirit sad,
Yet times and seasons come in ceaseless roll,
And bring to each their meted mirth of soul:
Affliction's wounds are but the passing night,
Which weariness makes long;—soon will the light
With morning glory break, and bring the day
When suffering's sorrows shall be ta'en away;
When sin's deep crater,—source of every tear,—
No more with belchéd hate man's heart can sear;
When love, drawn from its holiest fount, shall gleam
From every brow, like princely diadem,
And peace shall glide along the tranquil hours
Unchafed with care; and heaven's exhaustless bowers
Shall sate our vastest craving, and each void
Be filled from out the treasure-house of God.

THE blast that bleak December blows
Throughout the woods, ere comes the snow,
Strips their seared summer garb, but shows
The graceful tracing of the boughs.

The rapids in the river's bed
 Break up its glassy mirrored breast,
Yet with bold haste the speedier shed
 Its waters to their ocean rest.

The gale that stirs the storm-toss'd waves
 Around the bark in furious foam,
Yet bears the voyager who braves
 Its driving wrath the sooner home.

So suffering is designed to strip
 The rags that hide the nobler man,—
Show forth his truer parts, and grip
 Those subtler things with grace it can.

Or as the rapids, break the dreams,
 That flow life's gliding course along,
And bear it quicker down the streams,
 To heaven's eternal-resting throngs.

Or like the gale, bring nigh the port,—
The wished-for haven of the soul,—
The home prepared where saints consort,
At rest at last while ages roll.

IV.

SUFFERING IN INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE.

THOSE ENGAGED IN GOD'S WORK NOT EXEMPT FROM SUFFERING.—INDISCRETION IN GOD'S SERVICE MUST BEAR ITS CONSEQUENT PENALTIES.—THE NEED OF CHARITY IN JUDGING OF GOOD MEN UNDER MISFORTUNE.—THE PURPOSE OF LIFE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE SHORTEST OR THE LONGEST LIVED.—THE ARRANGEMENTS OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE SEEN IN THE RETROSPECT OF LIFE.—FORGIVENESS.—HOW EASY TO TARNISH A GOOD MAN'S REPUTATION.—HOW DIFFICULT TO RESTORE.—THE CONTRITE APPEALETH TO GOD'S JUDGMENT.

"Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me; this I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope."—LAM. iii. 19–21.



IV.

SUFFERING IN INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE.

"Humility and charity for others are among the gifts that even the best men may gain by trials."—DEAN STANLEY.

I HAVE a tale to tell,—a gentle theme
That seeks for utterance, like a dream
That 's dreamt o'er night, and still remains
Foremost of waking thoughts, and claims a voice,
If to none other than one's own heart's speech;
That will not hush, but, restless, still demands,
As fettered feeling's stroke for liberty,
The tongue's swift aid to valve the o'er-pressed heart.
The sword was sheathed, the tread of war had ceased,
And from its ranks—where, stirred by valor, duty once
Had led them forth—God's own kept saints renewed
Faith's first fond pledges when sweet peace returned,—
The sweeter made by sufferings long endured,—
And raised once more the standard of the cross.

The church, that finds alike in war or peace
Her God-given mission unto men, yet speeds
Her glorious work the best when gentle peace
Permits men's deep-set passions to lie still,
Or, stirred to moods when pathos, love, or right
Incline the heart in paths of gentleness;
For ah! the world at peace presents enough
Whereon the truth may chisel into shape
The incongruous evil that pervadeth all;
And so, with earnest will and sanctified,
God's own spread forth the honors of their Lord,
And sent the church's heralds to proclaim,
With trumpet voice or thought's imprinted page,
The glorious tidings of a Saviour's name.

Among her chosen best,—her truly great,
Sat Herbert, strong in life's meridian, grave
And learned, with mein open and resolute,
That reverence claimed; and rightly chosen he
To cast the silvern thoughts of righteousness
And peace, with ardor of inspired love,
Where only hate and turmoil long held sway.
The Master's depute and the church's arm,

He pressed with noble pride his mission's cause,
Each thought of self submerged in aught that cast
The wondrous story of redeeming love
Confrontingly before the rude world's gaze;
And as the spring that percolates the rock
Drips ready for the way-worn traveller's thirst,
So were the tidings of God reconciled,—
The same glad news of which the angels sang
At Bethlehem, of heaven's good will and peace,
Sent streaming through the land, to permeate
Men's flinty hearts, and give them rest and joy.

Ten years had Herbert's labors been prolonged,—
A full decade of struggle and of care,—
That seemed to grow with effort to reduce,
And multiply the more he strove to stay.
The promised help, on which he built high hopes
To make his labors felt and fruitful prove,
Was into puny wayside blossoms dwarfed,
Where love should grown the deeply petaled rose;
But still 'twas needful that the work be done;
Though pledgéd help should be denied, 'twas his

To find resources, come from whence they might,
To keep unflagged the well-loved Master's work.
From out his own, freely and oft dispensed,
He gave, and when, the utmost limit strained,
He found still more demanded, grudgéd not
To bond the future; for his buoyant hope
Pictured the days millenial drawing nigh,
And every stumbling block that stayed its course,
Whilst hand or will of his had power, must yield,
And clear the pathway; faith saw the glory
Beaming from afar, and reckoning that,
With sure unswerving aim must Providence
Work out the pledges by His servants given,
To urge the coming of earth's rightful King,
It gave in measure over what was wise—
Perhaps what worldlings—(wondrous sage, but blind
To each impelling impulse of the heart
That magnifies eternal things beyond
The pelf that gilds the nether side of time)—
Would deem the indiscretions of a fool!
For him it was enough that he could see
Some want that pointed to where duty lay—

Some urgent need necessity made law,
And conscience, pricked to indiscretion, oped
The gates too far awidth, and let escape
The flood that should have kept the bark afloat.
Ah! thousand thousand shafts of poignant point
Stand poised to strike the indiscreetly good,
Who, keeping some ideal end in view,
Permits it to assume a larger growth
Than would a colder mind of grosser mould!
Why should we blame, though from his warmer heart
Should unexpected suffering spring, and scorch
Some dear-loved friend, for whom he 'd sooner died
Than brought one sorrowing hurt or pain?—the pearl,
Unlike the gem adorning beauty's brow,
Requires no cutting from the workman's hand,
But is a tear-drop shed in far-sunk depths,
And shines the lustre of a secret grief;
So should the sorrows shed by friendship's hand
Be coated o'er with sparkling charity,
And in the after days, when calm has come,
Add beauty to the sweet forgiving heart:
'Twas but his judgment that had stretched its sight

Far out to hope's horizon, and was given
A brighter view of better things and true,
Which he strove grandly to bring nearer home;
The vision, centred on the far-off point
Of greater glory, missed the lesser things
That intervened—mayhap, in guile untrained,
Deemed them of meaner import, and despised.

The man of saintly soul will judge—perhaps
Will rightly judge—his neighbor, all engrossed
With care-weighed spirit to amass earth's wealth,
As wasting life on trifles far too mean
For souls immortal to find pleasure in.
So, too, the man in worldly wisdom shrewd,
Esteems the saint—if haply such e'er was,—
A being buried in the annalled past,
And they who emulate the character
But dreamers, doubtful and unpractical;
But comes it not the nearer truth, that men
With dual natures and of complex wants
Implanted by the all-creating Hand,
Must needs fulfil the prompting of desires

Inspired of either side;—swift-winged time
Demands its own fair portion; and the bliss
That flows unmeasured in the great beyond
Pleads urgent for its rightful larger share;
And he who justly holds the balanced scale,
And sets in equipoise what 's either's due,
Draws nearest to the primal thought of that
Which marks the holiest saint and truest man!

Made for life—for life unending—
Not alone for that which now is,
Nor yet alone for that to come,
This unsated, restless being
Still craves for both parts of the whole;
All this hungering, thirsting, searching,
Supplies as much a God-given need
As the fasting, praying, praising,
Fills up another empty void.
The present's toils, and tears, and griefs,
Its joys, its pleasures, and its mirth,
Belong unto the vast unending
Begun at birth time into life;

And he who measures duty best,
And meets with fitness every hour,
Will find the past and future mingle
In a complete and glorious whole.
We wait not for eternity!—
We tread from day to day within
Its vestibule;—the loved ones gone
Hath quicker reached its inner rooms,
And we lag but a step behind
To do some bidding of the Master,—
To tend and water some frail flower,
Or guide its climbing out of shade,—
Mayhap to toil in sweat awhile,
Or dig unseeing aught of fruit;
But all are needed,—all converge
To one great whole, to crown completeness;
The cradle-crooning of the babe,—
Its mother's sweet-voiced lullaby;
The lilt that lights the laborer's toil,
Or song that marks the bridal joy;
The incensed hymn of saint in praise,
Or plaintive dirge of mourning heart;

The music swelling glory's courts,
And glad hosannahs round the throne,
And new songs the redeemed sing,
Are parts that sound in unison,
And ring in grandest harmony;
For earth were nought without heaven's joy,—
Heaven incomplete without earth's sighs!
Hence are the duties of the hour,
Though steeped in drudgery and toil,
Linked to those higher realms of bliss
The soul alone can grasp in thought,—
Each—even the meanest—sanctified,
When God's great glory 's set o'er all!

Life unto each is measured off and given,
The bounds all circumscribed and fitly set,
Not as the strength that animates the arm,
Nor as the nerve that steels the aspiring heart;
But as the Master's first intent demands,
And his injected purpose has been gained:
So is the beauty of our lives enhanced
A thousand fold, because with God we work,

For God we labour;—His eternal will
Deputes the agent for his special part
In building up heaven's glory, and its King's;
And that accomplish'd, be it but to add
One atom to the architect's design,
Life is exhausted of its God-given aim;
And as the laborers when their task is done,
Receive the promised penny of reward,
Each one must pass, as night's dark shadows close,
Into the Master's presence, and receive—
Wages enough!—His welcoming "well done!"
But ah! what varied ends, what varied years,
Are strangely meted out as each one's line!
The baby life, that, like a sun-beam's glint,
Is cast one moment o'er the household heart,
As if the angelic messengers who brought
Tarried one moment at the open door,
Until a greeting and a parting—both
Enwrapped in one fond kiss—were given, and then
Took back the gift that hope had thought would stay!
And our fathers, bent with reverent age
Have only had a larger handful given

Of that unmeasured time they've but begun—
The first grey dawn of immortality:
Their guardians but a little longer wait,
To let earth's greetings be enjoyed a while,
And farewell be a little oftener said;
But yet Infinite Wisdom, that can find
Its ends accomplished in each atom's breath,
Whose cloud-capped mountains are of sand-grains built,
And ocean but a dew-drop multiplied,
Has finished all He first designed within
The babe's short span, or three score years and ten!
And this fleet life—the short or longest span—
Has power within it some behest to do,—
Some work of greater or of lesser might,
The least still great, and yet the greatest small,—
To shape the unrolling future as it comes,
Biased of deeds that every moment weaves;
And strangely unexpectant colors come
The uppermost from out the driving loom!
The nimbus light of righteousness appears,
And gilds with fame abiding all the web,
Where least we thought life's shuttle could have cast

A lovely pattern or a bright design;
And as the daisy—childhood's emblem sweet
Of all that's pure and lovely—lifts its head
From out the bosom of the verdant lawn,
The beauteous offspring of the beautiful,
Is ofttimes trampled 'neath the bestial hoof,
Or broken by the herd's unguarded tread,
A tarnished thing, unheeded and despised:
So life is oft 'mid fair surroundings found
A plant of holiness from youth to age,
But which, while still the summer suns preserve
The bloom, and gentle zephyrs spread abroad
Its fragrance, the worm that mean suspicion breeds
Gnaws from its leaf the healthful blush,
And sears the usefulness of after days.

The cottager amid the Alpine vales
Enjoys his home of innocence and love,
Despite the knowledge of the avalanch
That's threatening held on mountain peaks above,
Nor fails to plant the flowers for summer time,
Nor train the roses to entwine his door;

So Herbert held on bravely at his post,
Though dark forebodings thickened overhead,
And forecast shadows veiled the prospect round;
But surely came the day with suffering fraught,
Inexorably fixed by honor's pledge,
And found him seated in the sanctum quiet,
But with a storm of anxious thoughts within;
Before him lay the memorandumed note,
Of sum remainding, and of date and place;
But what the reck?—the full amount he knew,
And the familiar clock, with tell-tale face,
That used to give its warnings like a friend,
Rang out the hours as if with mocking voice,
And trod its moments down with louder beat;
The columned figures of the bank's account,
Were balanced o'er and o'er, and o'er again;
But there no golden comfort could be found,
For "no resources" was the fixed result.
What!—no resources!—Oh! has God retired,
And left His people succorless and lone?—
The heaven-inspired rule was writ for time,
"The just shall live by faith!"—and while time lasts,

Faith's staff must amply stay the suffering heart.
The deeds recorded in all ages past,
And writ in truth's unchanging lines,
Demonstrate to the full how clearly knit
Are heaven's designs with every act of man,
And God's hands intertwined with every step!
How closely barred were Israel's flying host
When fronted by the Red Sea's surging depths!—
On either hand the mountain's towering height,
And Egypt's wrath fast closing in behind;
Yet was the outlet of escape revealed,
And swift deliverance from the captor's ire,
Just at the point when faith resourceless stood,
And threw itself upon the arm of God;
And can that wonder-working arm be stayed,
Or wax enfeebled in the lapse of time?—
Nay!—He Himself has scored the legend deep,
For faith's assurance in all coming time—
"I am!"—gathering all the out-swept past,
And the unrolling future into one
Eternal present!—still the same, to-day
As yesterday, for ever and for ever!

Why should His people, then, resourceless stand,
And find their labors for His glory stayed,
For lack of trifles that the world might scorn,
Or deem of value as the feather's weight?
But hush!—we come toward holy ground, and faith
Works ever best in mute unquestionings.

The clock has struck the dreaded hour,—its tones
Thrill with a meaning never known before,
As if he heard fate's bowstring twang, that shot
Dishonor's shaft, and ruin's poisoned barb;
And Herbert trembled as if struck with awe,
Cast one glance upward, that seemed meant to pierce
Heaven's cloud-wrapped floor, then bowed his head, and
prayed.
The tidings flew, as evil ever flies,
On wing electric-plumed, that flashed, not truth
Alone, but rumour, truth's diminutive,
Arrayed in scandal's robe of darkest dye;
Friends dipped their tongues in bitterest gall, and cast
Reproach unmeasured on his hoary head.
They knew not of his sacrifice and strain,

And judging only from some grosser point,
Unmindful of those times he craved their aid,
And all his pleadings in the past forgot,
Dragged his fair fame within the pale of crime.
His was the church's—and the Master's—work,
And holy, and behoovèd to be kept,
Though in the world, not of it—all untaint
Even of suspicion's faintest guilt-marked stain;
But ah! the very height of their demands
But deeper cut the traced-out lines of guilt
Which their desires discovered in the course
That led God's servant to a bankrupt end!
Acts born of purest sacrifice and love
Became, when mirrored in suspicion's guise,
Contorted into base and selfish shape;
And thus they judged him;—as the beaming sun
To cultured minds displays some blackened spots,
Which humbler hearts nor ever care to see,
So Herbert's compeers in his holy work
With telescopic scrutiny applied
That vigilance that seeks to find a flaw,
And found, of course, not one, but thousands, where

The men who walked in lowlier spheres but saw
Alone the brightness of the noontide hour.

Ah! who may lay the measuring line of right
To acts wrought out in zeal of holiness,
When men endued with ardour for the truth,
But placed in spheres of power, where they may wreak
A warpéd judgment with a vengeant will,
Administer, with honest vehemence, sharp
Yet sanctified, as if begot of grace
And all the fervor of a sacred fire,
Rebuke meant only for the crime-stained hand,
Yet laid unwitting on the guiltless head?
The sufferings the reviled are called to bear,
Did but the outer evil world inflict
The pain, or impiously put forth its scorn,
The innocent might easier find a stay;
But ah! to have the hands of once-loved friends,
With whom we counselled oft in times agone,
And whose esteem we fain would cherish still,
Apply unsparingly the red-hot brand
Of infamy, and from the towering height

Of holiness hurl the anathemas
Of sin-indignant righteousness!
Oh! then, where can the wronged one find a cleft
Of shelter,—where a balm for such a wound!
Conscience may feel firm-braced when men
Of evil passions vilely strike the blow,
But well may tremble when once-friendly hands
Wield the cruel dagger of mistaken wrath,
And, in the name of justice blindly just,
Cast off the mercy that belongs to love.

An outcast and forsaken—all adrift
Upon the seething current of the world,—
Poor Herbert havened in his own rent heart,
Scarce understanding whence such ruin rose,
Or why were misinterpreted his acts.
As sits the husbandman amid the wreck
Of home and field, when the tornado's gust
Has swept the eident fruit of years away,
And sees the desolation wide, yet feels
The power that wrought it as beyond his ken:
So Herbert mourned, in humbleness of soul,



Dear honor's blight, yet also felt that far
Beyond the power of his frail arm to stay
Had been the tempest's overwhelming wrath,
And deep within himself recoiled, as if
Suspicion's poison, premeating all
The outer springs from which the world had drank,
Had reached the inner core—his own sad heart;
And Distrust sat as look-out on the course
He'd passed o'er, seeing now the breakers where
He'd struck, and doubting of the pilot's skill,
Or errors in his chart or compass found,
Yet to the shattered mast-head bravely nailed
The pure white flag of innocence of guilt,
How thick soe'er the clouds of evil lowered.

Times there are when men, in success' glitter,
Crowd place and honor on unworthy heads;
And just as oft, beneath the shadow cast
Of failure, keep in check the rightful praise
That's ever due to lofty aims and true,
And crush the ardor of the willing soul
Beneath the hoof of slander,—rudely lay

On chastisement because the mark 's been missed,
Or haply hope been thrown too far beyond
The power to win, and so presents to gaze
The unfinished outcome of a grand design.
Why should they suffer who have done their best?—
Though wild ambition may have set the goal
Too high, and led astray incautious zeal;
Though strength has failed, or effort's sources drained,
And left the work in ruin's fallen state,
The nobler soul will only ask from whence
The promptings came, and not to where it led!
The God-like aim, the heaven-inspired thought,
Will fly at times beyond its wonted range,
Nor stay to grovel among meaner things;
The heart of zeal, stirred by its inner sight,
Will question not the measure of its power;
Hence may we bear the burdens ofttimes brought—
The bitter harvestings of error's seeds—
The better, when we know that holy aims
Had first bestirred what issued in a wrong,
And cast the balm of blessing o'er the hand
That wrought us sorrow or sent hours of grief.

As the tall pine that 's shattered in the storm,
Lifts for long years against the clear blue sky
Its giant trunk, and bare and barkless limbs;
And though 'tis stript its ample hale green head,
Still bears the record of what once it was;
So Herbert walked with calm majestic mien,
A wreck,—remembering him in former days,—
Yet with the traces of the old time's power
So clearly borne that men could not withhold
The reverence which to holy gifts is due;
The frame, once stalwart, garbed in humbler guise,
And reft the vigor and the force of eld,
Yet bears the impress of the honest soul
So broadly marked that men raise wonder how
Rage ere against him should have turned its scaith.
He labors!—still within the vineyard gate
Finds some small corner and a vine to tend,
That clusters rich and luscious may be brought
To yield the Master joy!—'tis true, it is
A lesser spot wherein he 's given to toil,
And ruder work wherewith to serve his Lord;
Yet still, if but accepted, owned, and blessed,

The meaner service may bring richer fruit;
The large rewards drawn forth from honor's source,
Still leave the fount exhaustless whence they came,
And men may strive the brightest and the best
To win, nor ever drain another's share;
So must the lowly sphere secure its own,
Nor fear that aught can intercept its claim;
The royal Hand whose right 'tis to bestow
Knows just the merit's measure, and so gives;
And when the accepted cluster's ta'en, He puts
The offering heart to overweigh the rest;
And thus, the mite,—the box of frankinscence,—
The kindly tendered cup to thirsting lips,—
The one well-tended bunch,—receives as large
Approvement, and as welcoming a smile—
(Oh! what reward!—enough for angel's hope!)—
As when love's greater means some grander work
Conceives—points to life's goal the minster's spire,
Or seeks it in the cloister's narrow cell.

Some lives there are, that, wrapped in suffering, see
No farther than the one-day-given dole,

Yet seem to bear as if no burden weighed;
The old-time face familiar is the same
As when no sorrow pressed the heart within;
And the calm features—calmer than of wont,
Mayhap, because of effort to repress
Each trace of anguish in the wounded soul—
Betray nought of the agony passed through;
And the old smile, a little quieter given,
Reveals but little of the morning grief;
Time lays its daily measured molience down,
And though it cannot stay the pang that's gone,
Yet soothes the punctured wound with healing balm,
And lays kind memory's unction o'er the sore,
Which, though never healed, pains and festers not.
Perhaps the thought that most of solace brings
Is that, retracking o'er misfortune's paths,
They see so clearly how a Father's hand
Held their's down ruin's rough, steep precipice,
And kindly stayed them from far deeper deeps
That He in justice might have hurled them to.

The opening spring is sweeter when we mind
How keen the biting storms of winter blew;

The cooling breeze comes with more grateful balm
After the scorching of the summer sun;
The broad mead revels in a fresh attire,
With new flowers decked, and gaily garnished o'er,
After the spiteful deluge of the clouds;
And blissful is the quiet that reigns around
When the tornado's wrathful course is spent;
And hearts that love creep closer reconciled
That late felt anger's momentary chill:
So do the burdens and the griefs we meet
Upon the rugged highway we must tread
In life, when the travelling nigh is o'er,
And we can restful look far back the way,
And find the joy of gratefulness to yield
A fount abiding of sweet, holy peace.

And ere their stories could have taught the world,
Or God in providence portray His ways,
The patriarch's patience must be tried, and faith
Be proved in Abraham's willing sacrifice;
Ere Joseph could have sat next Pharoah's throne,
He must endure a father's long-lost love,
His brethren's hate, the pit, the slaver's bonds;
Ere God's own chosen children could have known

The milk and honey of the promised land,
The bricks of Egypt must be strawless made,
And slavery's degradation be endured,
The pathless desert must be traversed o'er,
And their dead bones within its keeping left!
Ere Moses—man of God—could lead the host,
Though trained in chivalry and deeds of arms,
His royal hopes must needs be cast aside,
And as an outcast shepherd-fugitive,
Be taught a nobler service for his God:
So must, we think, the ills of life be viewed
But as a process meant to train the man
For ends he hath not dreamt of,—nay, that he
Would shun if that he knew; for first his steps
Tread the sharp prickles of humility;
And though the glory ultimate be seen
And known, 'tis as some far out-distanced star,
That shines beyond the radius of his ken,
While the sharp rocks of trouble lie but close
Around his feet, and must be trod upon.

Ah! easy 'tis to look into the past—
The far-gone past portrayed in history's page—

And see God's hand trace out His own design;
The wider range of many thousand years
Permits the tracings to be seen in whole;
But the near vision of a life-time's span
Leaves room as 'twere but for a single thread,
Whose first and last connectings are unknown;
But since the yesterday wherein He wrought
Is like to-day, and all the time to come,
Hence do we know that this short tangled thread
Must have its proper place within the web,
And that, in color and in texture, it
Just fits the end the Master first designed;
Then when the world's contumely is seen
To hedge from honor some long-trusted friend,
Deem it the shadow of the Father's hand,
That for a moment shuts him from His smile;
Though deep the shade, the darkness, and the gloom,
Yet 'tis God's hand that casts it, and it tells
Only the closeness of His gracious care:
The outer world sees but the darkened side;
The glorious brightness is within the camp,
And still evinces to His own His love,
That wavers not, how dim soe'er they see.

The bark that rides in safety through the storms
Of many climes, nears at last the haven
Where first she knew the waves, and oft becomes
A stranded wreck upon a friendly shore,
And with the cessage of the storm is towed,
A crippled thing—dismantled—ill prepared
To grace her entry to her natal port;
Though foundered not, and long may proudly sail,
Refitted, upon many a voyage,
Yet is the straining of that fated night
Recorded in the memory of her crew,
And they will tremble when the storm-clouds lower,
Suspicious lest the gust-dashed waves reveal
Some weakened part that puts their lives at risk.
So when some honored, well-beloved name
Is once attaint with evil's searing blast,
Though full acquittance once again restores
To the high place that innocence may claim,
Yet will the old accusing stain crop out
At times anew, as if cruel slander's breath
Were sweetened never, nor the croaking voice
Of calumny e'er be to silence held.

So Herbert, with the weight of growing years,
Must bear the greater burden of the thought,
That though each year's refining light hath cast
Its fuller beam upon the dubious past,
And good men draw him closer to their hearts,
Because of sufferings borne in days agone;
Though once again, the herald of his Lord,
'Tis his heaven's tender mercy to proclaim,
Yet hath the hands of once-loved friends refrained
To give the greeting that forgiveness prompts,
And from the lips that once held converse sweet
Hath dropt no blessing!—Ah! suspicion's roots
Grow faster and go deeper down than lets
Ev'n grace abounding tear them from the heart:
'Tis a weed that, once given room to grow,
Seeds side by side with jealousy and hate,
And stunts the fruit the Spirit fain would plant
To deck the garden of the heart renewed;
And he must bear and suffer still the while,—
Bear the reproach that will at times be cast
By men who poised the lance amid the dark,
And still refuse to take it from its rest,

Until the shaft has made its purposed wound;—
Suffer the bitter poignancy of thought
That though the gulf misfortune deep had dug
Has long been bridged, or by repentance filled,
Yet those once dearest are the last to cross,
And from its height cast Shimei-dust adown,
As if the head once humbled ne'er should wear
The victor's crown the approving Master gives.

Forgiveness!—grace benignant!—what were life
On earth without thine antidote to hate!
And heaven could offer but a barren bliss
That stayed thy cleansing of the darkened past,
Or kept recorded unforgotten sins;
And in the vast Beyond, where no permit
To enter can be given thee, who may guage
The depths of life's eternal agony,
Because, through cycles of immensity,
No mind dare raise one thought of hope or thee?
Thou art a flower planted by Love's gracious hand
Within heaven's garden, and ere bursts its buds,
The same Hand plucks them, that Himself may bear

To earth, and let them blossom fuller there,
And give their fragrance unto doubting hearts;
And men receive it as a proferred gift,
Smile in its hallowed joyousness of peace,
But yet forget to plant its scions anew,
That they themselves may have the flowers to gift.
How strange it is, methinks, that men,
So much dependent for their peace on thee,
Should plead to have thy sweet abiding rest,
Yet grudge thine unction to a neighbor's wound!
What power is thine to raise from suffering hearts
Those sorrows born of thoughtless speech and act,
That keep apart, with ever widening stretch,
Whom once affection knit in kindest bonds!
What power is thine, when, hand in hand with thee,
Confession brings her earnest, contrite tale,
To stay the wrangling rancour of our lives,
And shed in place the balmy joy of peace.
Aye! were not life—in heaven or earth—denied
Its surest source of pledgéd bliss, didst thou
Refuse thy presence, as the very first
To greet us with thy comfort, when our souls

Long for the freedom seen afar of faith?
Didst thou not hallow with thy constant smile
The eternal mansions God of old prepared,
The untold glory of their courts were shorn
Some measure of their volume, or their bliss,
And saints redeemed would find their happiness
Abridged below the standard of their hope.
Would Adam, primal father of our race,
Find in these long millennial years his rest
So full of sating bliss as he had dreamed,
When, as an outcast from his Eden home,
He toiled in suffering for his sweat-gained bread,
And saw, beyond the horizon of his days,
The grand deliverance of the better life,
If, with the soul which life on earth made vile
In heaven's commingling holiness made pure,
And knowledge multiplied a thousand fold,
He saw, as if upbraidingly preserved,
Still unforgiven and unforgotten, all
The outcome of his first incepted sin,
Impetuous growing as the ages run,
And sink his children's children into woe,
Deep as the guilt-depravéd mind can go?

Without forgiveness, freely given and ta'en,
Life in its course must ever be attaint,
And have remorse's sharply piercing thorn
A constant rankling in its fancied peace;—
No matter where—on earth, in heaven, or hell—
Are passed its hours, forgiveness first must sweep
Each trace of censure harbored of the past,
Else would the higher life but whet the sting
Of conscience purified, and still retain
The poison virus that must mar its joy.
Thus is the first expression of the love
Our Father holds toward every child of His,
Seen in the tender mercy that removes
From guilty souls the burden of their sin;
And with that wisdom born of holiness
Christ linked forgiveness here with that of heaven,
And laid the judgment to a certain line,—
"As ye forgive so shall ye be forgiven!"
Good men can bear no malice—must forgive,
Because they know in contraries they live:
Though wrong eschewing, captive led of sin,
They in unwatchful hours let evil win;

Most sure in thought—alas! in word and deed,—
They, weak, allow the tempter's wiles succeed;
How dare they, then, but willingly forgive,
Who need forgiveness every day they live!
For he who treads upon a slippery way,
Should ever helpful be, and cautious stray,—
In grace each trait of bitterness remove,
And learn to judge of others but in love.

A good man's life is like a silken garb,
So fragile and so delicately wove,
That if in daily use 'tis rent or soiled,
It shows the blemish all the after days;
Or like the canvas whereon genius spreads
The bright hued fancies of his inner soul,
So beautifully limned and deftly wrought,
That slightest damage were beyond remede:
The hasty speech, the inconsidered act,
Becomes such deeply penetrating scar,
That time no veil gives dense enough to hide;
And meet it is it should, for suffering brought
Incautious on another's sacred weal,

Stains with deep dye the aggressive tongue that wields
The "spoken daggers" that inflict the wounds.

Herbert lives and labors!—quietly and in faith
Accepts life's blessings as each day brings forth,
And as the Master gives unquestioning takes:
His not to doubt but that the hidden good
Wrapped in the sufferings of his later days
Will be unveiled, and all the mystery
That painted righteousness in darkened hue
Will be revealed, and once again its robe
Of natal white be his of right to wear—
The right of gift from Him who judgeth right,
And gives in fulness of o'erflowing love:
Till then, brave sufferer, lean upon that staff
That God hath given to stay the sore opprest;
Thy fellow-martyrs through the ages past
Have proved its strength unfailing as its source;
Then lean thou heavily; for mercy's arm,
Outstretched to succor, loves to feel the weight
That heavier faith throws unrestrained upon't,
And buoys the wrongs the suffering heart must bear

As freely as the burdening griefs of life.
The victor's crown is still afront, and while
The race fleets swiftly towards the unreached goal,
The straining must be onward;—'tis not yet—
(Though come it will, when glory's light will aid,)—
The leisured time when prescient eyes may look
Back o'er the course, and know whence came the slips
And mishaps cast so frequent o'er the path,
Or why the tempter's footfalls were not shunned,
And see unravelled all the tangled doubts
That cast their shadows dark upon the way,
And caused mysterious stumblings for an hour!
Hold bravely on!—each passing hour brings nigh
To every faithful sufferer victory!

THE world is full of suffering!—What of that!—
To each is given a little share;
And though its gloom upon our hearts hath set
For long, not more than each can bear.

Why are we made to grieve at all?—For that
Our Father has a reason good;
And though He tells us neither how nor what
That is, 'tis best that so He should.

How dark the road, seen but a little way!—
And, groping in uncertainty,
We fain would see with the clear light of day
All through God's eternity!

He lifts the veil but for one moment's space,
And metes out life but step by step,
That coming days, how long soe'er the race,
May, hedged by His strong arm, be kept,—

Kept sure amid life's burdening care and toil,
Or on rough places, where, in hours
Of careless treading, we might fall, and soil
Our garments 'mong earth's bruisèd flowers;—

Kept too, that we may firmer tread the way
That leadeth to our Father's home,

Where narrow bounds and thorns might tempt to stray
Without such guarding while we come.

Yet though the pain, the sorrow, and the grief,
Our cup has to o'erflowing filled,
How much of mingling joy has shed relief,
Like chance flowers by the wayside culled!

So brighter things, methinks, are still in store,—
As goals to incite the purer aim;
And therefore 'tis our Father holds before
Our eyes the glory of His name!

And brighter will we see it as we go
The farther on!—our faltering tread,
Become reliant, will haste on, and so
Our faith see clearer glory's Head!

And with such ampler sight, the cross, that once
Was weary torture on the way,
The lightened heart will at the last pronounce,
Through grace, a constant help and stay.

And sweet 'twill be to o'erlook the way we've gone,
And find amid the weary strife,
That hours the saddest, or when most alone,
Shed bliss the brightest o'er our life.

And as, while darkening shadows creep across
The pathway while eve closes in,
The western sky retains the golden floss—
The cloudy mantlet wrapping glory in;

So when our life nears to the ebbing time,
And shortened steps forecast the end,
The radiant glory of that far-off clime
Makes peace—an angel-guest—attend,

And shed from off his wing the holy balm
Of blightless hope and fadeless faith,
Until life's turmoil has become a calm,
And not a shadow dims the path!

And suffering's record, far behind us flung,
No more disturbs the passing hours,

And waning strength leans on faith's staff, grown
strong,
And drops off one by one the powers

Wherewith pride used in olden days to prop
The crude suggestings of the soul
That knew no resting-place, but sought to grope
Its way through darkness to the goal;

And hope so brightens all the hours to come,—
The few short hours still left to run,—
That in the nearness of the drawing home
The past is lost,—its suffering done!—

All eclipsed within the grander glory
Where bliss the uncounted hours employ,
Till the record of earth's suffering story
Becomes itself a part of joy.

V.

SUFFERING IN INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE.

GOD'S WORD, GIVING THE RECORD OF AGES, BEST SHOWS THE DESIGN OF HIS DEALINGS.—INDIVIDUAL LIFE IS MISSIONED FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES. — THE APPARENTLY UNSUCCESSFUL CAREER MAY YET HAVE ACCOMPLISHED ITS END.—BUSINESS NOT INTENDED FOR THE ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH, BUT TO MAKE PROVISION FOR GOD'S CREATURES.—COMMERCE THE PIONEER OF THE GOSPEL.—TRUE LIVING MUST RECOGNIZE GOD'S SERVICE, EVEN IN BUSINESS.—THE PRESENT LIFE ONLY A SHORT INITIATIVE TO A NEVER-ENDING ETERNITY.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—1 COR. iv. 17.



V.

SUFFERING IN INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE.

"It is adversity that is the real touchstone of virtue; it is the breath of affliction that lays bare the human heart."—SIR ARCH. ALLISON.

THE wondrous record of God's gracious love
For all His handiwork, and most for man,
Made lord of all, the highest and supreme,—
The creature best designed to show through all
The unfolding ages, until ending time,
The great Creator's glory—can be read
In the full height of its intended aim,
With ease as age on age pass on before
The sacred history's mirrored retrospect,
From the incepted promise, given when first
Life budded on the new-created world,
Until the hour of full accomplishment,
When God's eternal Son with dying breath
Proclaimed, amid the cross's agony,

That all was finished: the grand design unfolds
Along the surging centuries of time
As one great whole, which we delight to call
"Redemption," and to contemplate with joy,
Mingled with awe, and reverence, and fear;
Yet was the fulness of redemption wrought,
Not when the promise first was given, and fresh
Within the memory of sin-burdened souls,
But when the fading years had numbered thousands;
And piece by piece it passes in our view,
Like to some drama on the mimic stage,
Wherein each actor has been given his part,
And plays it that the tale may be complete;
And every part is needed,—patriarch
And prophet, poet, warrior, and king,
The humble shepherd and the husbandman,
Bethlehem's toiling carpenter, and last,
The virgin mother of the sinless Child,—
Each one the executive of God's design,
To cause the fulness of His love o'erflow,
And bring again the joy of righteousness
To men incrusted in sin's misery.

The complement of life, in every phase,
Nations or peoples, kings and subjects born,
Is only seen when the far-visioned eye
That history casts back o'er long centuries
Is pointed through the telescope of hope,
To view the opening vistas of the life
Eternal, and all is seen, from first to last,
As one great whole.—Men march in cavalcade,
A mighty throng, whose movements are controlled
By the strong behest of Jehovah's will,
And with undeviating line bring forth
The issues of eternal destiny;
Yet not the less is each one's thought and act
Left sovereign and untrammelled,—each one works
Within the compass of his own desires,
And finds his pleasure or his profit served
At the proud dictate of his heart and mind.
Thus to our lives a two-fold aim is given:
First, as the medium honored of our Lord
To be the executors of His designs,—
The missive-bearers of His gracious love,—
The servants of His bidding, who still find

Their highest pleasure when His labors press,
And most of honor when is blest their work;
But next—and not the less a truer aim,—
To do the prompting of the heart's desire,
And, poured from fountains of the will, to find
A sweet unceasing spring of joy, that flows
Right toward the current of the Father's love,
Mingling, as do the purling streams within
The ocean's bosom, and then, lost each strain
Of marring sordidness, finds a pleasure in
The wider range of what pertains to heaven.
 So, did we mark the varied turns of life,
What seemeth strange would be but chosen paths,
Not blindly travelled, but led on with care:
The sharp-worn rocks that tripped the wearied foot,
That long endeavored up the mount of fame;
The by-paths that were vainly deemed to lead
To heights where lodged life's prized desires;
And flowery ways, wherein our steps were turned
To depths that stifled all expected joy,
Would now appear the best that could have been,
Did we but judge from purer streams of thought,

And see the bearing of each devious turn,
On toward the ending of the course beyond.
How otherwise could we explain the fall
Of wealth and affluence to poverty;
Or, stranger still, when poor and needy ones
Are sudden tossed up into princely state,
With all the lesser fates of good or ill
Oft thrown within the bounds of short-spanned life,
Did we not deem them but as steps that lead
Correctively to some designèd end,—
Now as the spur to incite to holier aims,
Then as the drag, when else we'd miss the mark?

I knew a life wherein were strangely set
Vicissitude and fortune, and in whom—
His household and himself—were gathered bliss
Not often laid within the sphere of man;
Yet 'twas not fortune reckoned up in wealth,
Nor yet vicissitude in misery;
But the true bliss that comes when hearts are knit
In love, and then the trouble that afflicts
When sharp reverses load such hearts with care.

Nor wealth nor poverty were his, but just
Enough of heaven's sweet blessing on the past's
Industrious labors to give zest to joy,
And find his comforts widening with the years;
Nor was the blessing cast on grateless hearts,
For faith and love were sanctified in force,
And multiplied as favoring heaven bestowed
Its gifts of plenty for the household board;
And so sped on the years, till came the time—
Needed, methinks, in every life,—to prove
To one's own self that overmuch of joy,
Or bliss too long continued, is a hurt,
For which corrective med'cine must be given,
To bring again to heart and soul the flush
Of buoyant health, and to the jaded mind
Restore the power to recognize its own
Pure element, when, spirit-stirred, is sent
Angelic Suffering, the sweet revealer
Of a kind Father's care and tender love.
 Year after year the gifts so long bestowed
Became, without a reason understood,
Less and more circumscribed, and things were pinched

As ne'er before, till little debts became
A grievous burden, then by stealthy growth
Rose to proportions huge, and at the last,
O'erthrown with avalantine force, he found
Himself cast from old moorings, and in search
Of humbler haven and a quieter rest.

Into new paths he turned, though trembling doubts
Surcharged his mind, and for the passing hour
Beclouded faith, that once cast scorn on fear;
And thus was taught to walk in humbleness,
And learned the "uses of adversity."

"Give you labor?—aye, certainly I will,"
Said one in answer to his anxious quest,
Drawn by the influence of those inbred marks
That honor traces on the mien of men:
"Go with me to my foreman, and he will,
Soon as expected work begins, assign
To thee a part, wherein I trust that thou
Wilt long do faithful duty." And they went.

The foreman found, he, with a soft bland smile,
That meant obsequience, yet a hidden grudge,
Received our suppliant, and then promised fair,

But with a mien wherein was plainly shown
'Twas more in deference to a ruler's wish
Than with the willing heart that seeks to do
A generous action for its own sweet sake;
But still, the promise given, it was believed
And trusted in, and for the time gave joy;
For he himself had ever pledged in faith,
And deemed it better not to pledge at all
If aught could happen to prevent it kept;
And so he trusted, full of gratefulness,
And homeward went his way rejoicingly.
Oft after did he call, and oft again,
But still the promise unredeemed lay,
And hope recoiled with lessening force each time,—
Like waves at ebbing tide, that spend their strength
Upon relentless rocks.—He tried again
The master's friendly wish, but there was told
That to a partner new had been assigned
The full control of labor; and to him
The appeal was new—he could not tell at once—
'Twas "Union" rules that foremen should have power
To choose the labor suiting best, for they

Were held responsible;—and so at last
Sharp disappointment heaped its load to where
A good man's spirit totters to despair.
 But this was just the straining point of love—
The outer verge to which quiet faith is led
To make it more demonstrative, and prove
How frail the staff our own weak arm provides—
How strong he is who has his weakness found,
And pleads, and trusts, and casts his care on heaven.
 He called once more, and found a change occurred;
'Twas strange indeed, but made new hope run high:
He found the foreman absent, and his post
A vacancy—unworthy and discharged.
A flash of momentary sorrow passed
Across his mind; involuntary came
Regrets, although the sufferer was one
Who had, because arrayed in friendship's guise,
Proved but a recreant and dastard foe;
Yet as when, thick and ominous, the clouds
Have darkly gathered into threatening storm,
But sudden break in rifts, and show the clear
Blue vault beyond, so did it seem as if

The dark protentousness of life had broke,
And let a glint of hopefulness pass through
That lit the pathway of his future days.
 At once he sought the masters, yet not now
The humble suppliant for a workman's place,
But the aspirant for the post to rule;
Before them laid his fitness for the work,
Evinced by satisfying word and writ,—
So satisfying that they parlied not,
But gave into his hands confidingly
The power once wielded to his own contempt.
 Where is the measure that can fitly guage
The gratitude and joy that stirred his heart?—
All seemed so strange!—the quickly sudden leap
From deep dejection unto gladdening heights,
That heaven's own language could alone express
What appertained so near to heaven's own bliss;
And so involuntary breathings came,
That fitly voiced themselves in prayer and praise.

 We feel within these wayward hearts of ours
A right of judgment over all things done;

And suffering seen within another's sphere,
Or joy that sparkles in another's cup,
Are self-appropriated, and the pain
Or gladness is transmuted unto us;
But yet the judgment, often warped and wry,
Fails to encompass all the joy it should,
And seeks the rather for the tears of grief,
And sighs because there's sighing left around,
Forgetful whose the Hand directs the course,
Through pain or joy, to what is surely best,
And that He needeth not, howe'er the pathway leads
A counsellor how best to reach the end.

For two years more content and blessing seemed
To grow—on masters, workmen, and the work,
And large prosperity came as the fruit
Of careful management, discreetly wise;
But worldly greed—the worm that ever gnaws
Prosperity from out commercial life—
Unsatisfied with that which God bestows,
Began oppressively to lay restraints
Upon the laborer, and reduce his hire.

Ah! avarice is seen in many a garb
Of specious comeliness, that tries to throw
An air of justice over cruel deeds,
That have no other prompting than desire
To encompass more than Providence designed
Should be the allotment to one laborer's share;
For in the world's great workshop all are given
Their duties and their place, and so must needs
Be also given their penny of reward;
But 'tis the evening laborer oft—him who,
Perchance, hath but the lightest labor done—
That stretches forth the hand to grasp the wage
Of him who's borne the burden of the day;
Yet oftener is it that 'tis he who is
God's almoner that filches of his trust,
And who, mistaken, deems that mercies given
Him to dispense for others' good are owned
Of him, and with a niggard hand metes out
The heaven-rained manna, as 'twere but a dole
Of charity, and not a Father's kind
Provision for His children's daily wants.

How much of suffering might be spared within
This agonizing world, could but the men
Through whom the sovereign Lord is pleased to rule
See whence their small commission comes, and give,
Now, while the hour of duty swiftly flies,
Full recognition of His love, and deem
Their wealth—their balanced profits and their gains—
The channel through which God is pleased to pour
His benefactions, gracious, large, and full,
To all,—the humble servant and his lord,
The skilful workman and his master—all
Cared for, and so mysteriously arranged,
That every need of every creature thing
Remembered is, and in abundance made
Provision for, and all so trusted to
The hands of favored chosen ones, that they,
Each Joseph-like, may needy brethren feed;
And woe to those who, Pharoah-wise, will dare,
Forgetful of how far their mission fits
The purposes of God, to set aside
Or misinterpret His designs of love,
And so constrain His generous gifts that they

Will misappropriate to their own mean use
More than was heaven's intent,—so staying faith,
That bids men pray alone for daily wants,
And yield to others every generous due.

The last new partner was a man of thought,
Embued with new-fledged theory and tact,—
How business, now so closely run, must needs
Make strict economy a law, and buy
All things of the cheapest! and labor, too,
Was just like other things—the cheapest best,
And right to buy it where it suiteth most
The dreamer's scheme, or cast aside at will!
The past is nothing, nor are good men aught;
And faithful service is requited full
As each recurring weekly wage is paid!—
Business knows no friendship, nor will it lie
'Neath obligation, for it renders *pay*
For every service done, and so is quits!
Ah! what the men whose daily intercourse
Such maxims rule!—honest!—honorable?—
Perhaps too strictly so,—as Shylock was!—

With claims to farthings met,—'tis just!
The pounds demanded to the full,—'tis honor's height!
So equitable too, and therefore right!
But John—(it needful seems our hero should
Be named, and so we'll call him John)—cared nought;
He gave his best, and success long had crowned
His efforts, therefore deemed he'd nought to fear,
Whatever maxims worldly men should choose
To work by; ever anxious, and so full
Of duty, he indulged no thought of change;
And so, one day—(the noon-day hour just struck,
And noted that the half-day's work was done)—
A message from the master called him down,
And he with light heart tripped off joyously;
New orders must have come!—perhaps some new
Suggestion had occurred to speed the old!
"John," spoke the master, "we purpose changing
Working methods, and will not longer need
Your service. We much regret your leaving;
But trade, you know, John, forces men to things
They'd rather otherwise; the truth is, John,
That business now is getting more and more

Based upon cheapness, and we needs must choose
Our working hands to fit that principle.
It looks like hardship, John, I must admit,
To cast aside the better man, and give
To meaner ones the preference of place;
Yet, John, 'tis only what our rivals do;
And competition forces us to meet
The warfare with the weapons of our foes."
As when the Indian, captive in the fight,
And bound, the subject of his en'mies hate,
In torturing wounds hides his strong agony,
Nor will permit a muscle to betray
The sufferings writhing through his soul within,
So, with quiet scorn, and not an answering word,
John crushed the feelings that resentful rose,
And turned to leave, when once again outspoke
The master, "Stay, John; we owe you wages
Since pay-day last till now. Let 's see!—how much?—
Four days and a half!—there 's the full amount.
You see that business has two phases, John,—
One that exacts the utmost of a man,
And doeth things that most unkindly seem;

Yet doth the other come behind, and lay
The gold of justice over every act.
However narrowly it seeks its own,
It yields the exactest measure that is due;
And so, without high claims to generous deeds,
Refuses to withhold another's right."
Most specious argument! that throws a cloak
Trimmed with the gew-gaws of philosophy
Around the cruelties of the selfish heart,
Giving to foul falsehood the fair guise of truth;
So steeling natures that might else have done
Their duty in the world from purest love,
And making each instead a source of wrong,
And bitterness, and suffering, and strife.
Business!—the handmaid of kind Providence,
Sent to dispense the gifts of love
A Father sends His children, why hath men
Made thee oppression's instrument—a rod
That tyranny can wield, yet hold a face
Smiling afront?—a screen 'neath which greed hides
Its selfishness, and simulates the good?
A mask behind which avarice may lurk,

Yet reap the fame to benefactors due?
Thy mission, first designed in heaven's decree
To keep intact its own unerring law,
That bread must come alone through toil and sweat,
Was given to gather from the ends of earth
The varied gifts a Father's thoughtful love
Has scattered broadcast under every sky,
As meteing out to every man his need,
And smoothing down the briery curse of sin;
But men, in self-asserting arrogance,
That lays a brother's needs deep out of sight,
Tries to enhoard the mercies meant to serve
The wants of thousands,—severing for themselves
The source of joy for myriad creatures, left
To pine, or scramble for the crumbs of life!
Business! oh! what a blessing thou mightst be!—
To see the marts of commerce crowded o'er
With busy merchants, eager for the post
Of honor,—most to buy or most to sell,
Not for lucrific gain, but that mankind,
For whom God made this beauteous earth so fair,
Might feed from ampler boards, or comfort find

In warmer shelter from the winter's blast;—
To see each fact'ry's bounds capacious filled
With busy spindles and with cunning looms,
Not to extract from labor's oozing sweat
Earth's unblest riches with a godless zeal,
But that all peoples, to the utmost isles,
Might in exuberance of gladness sing,
Rejoicing in the plenitude of heaven;—
To see the barks on ocean's bosom borne,
Not freighted with contention's selfish aims,
That blessing sees alone in profits gained;
But with the joy civilization sends
In warmest greetings to the ends of earth,
And bearing back, refreighted from all climes,
The gratitude of human hearts, expressed
In gorgeous silks, or luscious fruits, or gold,
Or spices fragrant of the tropic sun.
 True living is a service, wrought for all
Within the ties of human brotherhood;
And business is its vehicle,—the arm,
Stalwart and strong, that clasps the world in love,
And bears the interchange of many hearts,

Afar and near, to fill up every want,
And so invites the world, "Be fed!—be clothed!"
And then—ah! nobler service still!—It opes
New pathways for the gospel of the Christ
To reach the hearts of all men, and to plead
Heaven's right to mingle in earth's grosser things,
And mould the intercourse of heart with heart.
And this the great commission commerce bears:
To so assimilate, through common wants,
The wide diverging thought of every land,
That all the world, as with a power divine,
May concentrate its labor and its aims,
To spread the reign of perfect peace and love,
And closer bring earth's brotherhood with heaven.

Save in a look of deep unuttered thought,
John answered not, but placed the counted coin
Upon his palm, as if he weighed a thing
Despised, and in those deep-set undertones
Wherewith the heart speaks with itself unheard,
Exclaimed, "My price! the purchase of my faith!
My toil—my effort—all summed up in this
Small handful of base coin!—How mean I am!"

It was not wrath, nor hate, that sprang unbid,
Nor yet dejection's agony that claimed
An outlet, through strong passion's blinding force;
But 'twas the instincts of a true-souled man,
That taught him there had come one more new phase
Of suffering,—one other labyrinth
Of travail, measureless in length and breadth,
Where spectral doubt tugged at the skirt of faith,
And o'er the portal of an unknown way,
Given him to tread in, drew a curtain dark!
These sufferings, too, he could not bear alone!
They multiplied as oft as love had given
Dependent blossoms for home's nurturing care;
For each one clinging to a father's arm
Must needs in every joy or sorrow share,—
Just as the sunshine, o'er the rosebush shed,
Brings forth the tinting of each bud's soft blush,
And every wound the stem is called to bear
Saps from each petal something of its glow.
Long they suffered,—down to that sore distress
That strains to find some new untrodden way
Wherein some warming ray of hope might gleam,

But finding none, sits down in weariness,
And in the utterness of emptied self
Pleads the pledges to the righteous given,
And looks with longing for relief from heaven;
Nor look they long who trace with faithful heart
The keen suggestings of the ardent soul
To be the promptings of providing Love,
Who first incites to seeking, and then opes
A way wherein fulfilment strangely comes!

The works kept running as before,—that is
If outer semblances are tokens true
Of inner life, and restless bustling were
A guage to estimate of prosperous things;
But soon there came—no one knew whence they came—
Strange rumors of a loss,—then more, and more:
How that, in spite of economic ways,
That strove to cheapen everything, and scrape
The very dregs to profit, there were leaks
That oozed unnoticed, and careless work came back
Rejected; credit sales, too keenly made,
And contracts finely margined, proved but loss;

The speculations entered on in hope
Of fair return all shrivelled into nought,
And somehow every catered source of gain
Came to a market dull and profitless.
Why was it thus, ye ask?—Ah! who may tell,
Without the wisdom that can seek behind
The rags that satisfy the worldly soul,
And sees a Power that rules with royal will,
Commanding all things as He sees is best,
And shaping gifts of blessing into forms
Men wot not of until faith's peering eye
Looks forth from out a grace-enhumbled heart,
And then can judge even suffering as the best,
The fairest, and the truest of things good.
Fools that we are! still dreaming that life's course,
Steered by a guessing speculation, must
Reach safely at the haven whence we look,
Because that we—conceited we—hold fast
The rudder and spread forth the sail,
Though heedless of the chart that points the way,
And risking channels where are rocks and reefs
Scarce sunk beneath the restless swell that sweeps
In currents drifting on to bankruptcy.

Aye! scheme we as we may, 'tis only loss
That comes when selfish feeling rules the thought,
And all the kindlier marks of brotherhood
Are crushed, to reach some ideal point, or gain
Some vantage ground amid the strife of trade.
God's law, forgotten, operateth still,
And brings its sure-laid penalties of pain,
Howe'er the profit simulates reward,
Or success garbed like blessings comes.
Commercial triumphs may not side with truth,
Nor may trade's world-embracing schemes be laid
'Neath honor's shield; and ah! when they are not,
How sad the poverty of wealth they bring!
How poor the recompense for blasted peace!
The stony weight of groans, and sighs, and tears,—
The groans of laborers unrequited, and
The sighs of weary semptresses, and tears
Of widowed toilers and their orphaned babes—
Are with the golden profits banked, and lie
With added curse so deeply weighted, that
The joy is marred wherein the prosperous trace
Their growing riches to the gracious Hand
That throws unstinted blessings o'er His own!

John sat one eve in quiet thoughtfulness,
Revolving o'er life's turnings, and the paths
Given him to tread in, and wondering where
The next might lead to,—a reverie of thought
That suffering souls delight in; for past pain
Still lingers on through all the years to come,
Yet not in painfulness, for that is gone,
But like some soft refrain of melody
Heard in the long ago, that, trilling oft,
At last becomes a sweetly plaintive joy.
Our musing hours are closely linked to prayer,
And from the past thought flashes to the time
That lies afront, and seeks to unveil the step
That lies the next ahead; the longing wish
Pleads for the safety of far-visioned sight,
To spare the old-time sinning, and its fears;
And times there are when thought prophetic seems,
Shuns its own long-used leading paths, and walks
The self-same channels with the Mind Divine;
And then the vistas that seemed deep and dark
Ope out in deeds like dreams of yesterday,
And we can only wonder how that things

Wrapped in the misty future do evolve
In unison with that for which we sighed.

A missive, just like those John used to obey,
Called him to the works; there the partner told
How tired he was of business; how his loss
Was great, and disappointment greater, than
He thought was possible, when he had laid
A theory at bottom which to him
Appeared the truest principle of trade.
He'd acted on it to the letter, but
Had failed to grasp the success of his dream;
And now he longed to leave it, and retire
While yet was left some remnant of his means,
And try some other venture where he'd win.
After had passed the feeling of amaze,
And heard at length the full proposals made—
To take his interest in the works, and pay
The price at intervals so long deferred
'Twould make it easy—John accepted, and
Went home with step strangely elate; gathered
The home ones circling round the hearth, and told

The story of the change, the hopes, the fears;
And then, the gratitude that welleth ever
In hearts where grace hath lodgéd, found a voice
In praise and prayer; for change that setteth good
In room of suffering, or where dwelt before
The shade of grief,—that casteth bright-hued hope
In joyousness o'er all the coming days,—
It seemeth but the meetest bent for thought
To own it as a kindness given of heaven—
The answer unto hours of prayerful sighs—
And so express its gratitude in praise,
Or in the deeper fervor felt in prayer.

The morning found him in the old-time place,
With greetings welcomed upon every side;
For even the laborers judged the change to bring
Deliverance from some vague oppressive power,
That claimed to mete out justice to a line
So strait they could not comprehend its height;
And so, to see John's old familiar smile
Shed once again its quiet benignancy,
Felt like assurance of a stabler peace,
A purer justice, and a brighter joy,

Than could be drawn from philosophic rules,
Or methods based on abstract dreams of right;
And soon o'er all the busy works was seen
The influence of one earnest, truthful soul,
That cast the radiance of its hearty will,
Like sunshine's gladness, upon every side;
And loom and spindle sped with quicker pace,
And clanging tools rang out more mirthful noise,
And toilers labored with a faithful zeal,
Not at the prompting of some measured task,
But charmed to energy by one good man;
And as the tide when fallen to lowest ebb,
Moves on the instant back to fullest flood,
So o'er the depths where hazard lurked, and loss,
Prosperity came in with ample flow,
And pictured forth the strangely puzzling truth—
Enigma given to worldly men to solve—
That all the fruitfulness of this fair world,
Of trade and commerce, or of sea or soil,
Are, at the behest of one Sovereign Will,
Who sees the vista of what is to be,
Down to its utter ending, given or held

Just as He sees it will a blessing prove,
And ever shapes it to subserve for good—
Be it reward or chastisement—whiche'er
Will best train up a soul for life in heaven.

Meanwhile, the partner's efforts to retrieve
His losses in some more congenial field
Were still continued on the same old plan—
With most judicious care and wondrous skill!
As men would say who will not own that love,
Nor any attribute of generous flow,
Must mingle in the keen concerns of trade,
And with the self-same issue as before—
Disaster!—Often men to hobbies cleave
With strange perversity;—they learn never
Aught of wisdom if it cross their dreams;
Misfortune gives no lessons, and conceit
Provides excuses in abounding forms.
Lacking grace, earthward every sense is drawn,
And sight withholden for things beautiful;
Wrapped in the close communion born of trade,
The bonds of mercy and of brotherhood—

The ties of friendship or of kindliness—
Unrecognized as part of its intent,
The heart must wither as in baleful clime,
Or, like the fig-tree, flourish but in leaves,
To be accurst,—to suffer, till has wrought
The medication of God's wondrous grace,
That giveth eyes to see with quickened sight
The needs of nature binding man to man!
And ears to listen with a ready will
To every cry that demonstrates a want;
And hands to fashion with a deftly skill
Whate'er will minister to ease or joy;
And heart alert to fill up every void,
And satisfy a craving world's desires;
'Tis true, man's nature also shows a law
Impelling service with a willing mind,
But meaner far, because it only serves
A meaner end—wasting all on self,
And nought expending on another's good.
Debasing thought!—to see a world engaged
From morn to night, in factory or in mart,
With aim no higher to excite to zeal

Than can in sensuous appetite be found,
And keenly striving for a gourmond's mess,
Pleased if it sup from out enlargëd bowls!
The cattle, browsing o'er the verdant fields,
Retrace at eve their homeward wending way,
And with unfailing gratefulness invite
The trilling milkmaid and her sonsy pail;
The horse acknowledges with grateful neighs
The hand that fills his manger day by day,
And then submits his massive strength to yoke
To give some token of his gratitude;
But man, immersed in cares from morn to night,
Can see alone his own small self the end
Of all his toil—a well-filled platter all
That whets the ambition of his sordid soul!
Say, can a father e'er submit to see
His child beloved the victim of mean vice,
And no beseeching words of warning speak,
Or stretch no hand to stay the downward course?
So God, still mindful of His creatures, whom
He made of holy mind and pure desire,
Lays on life's pathway many a stumbling-block,

To trip the sinward-wending feet, and blind
The eyes that wilful stray in lustful paths;
And strews, like thorns on rose-buds, sufferings meant
To prick the inert conscience into life,
Or out of schemes that bright and golden seem
Works bankruptcy, and showing all as dross.
It was not long ere John was called to find
For him a shelter from cold penury,
Taught, in the humbling of a world-wise soul,
The true relation that earth bears to heaven;
That rules of life are true just as they draw
Their inspiration from the law divine;
And men are truest to themselves, and find
A richer blessing come attendant, when
The good of others most conjoin their own.
The wealth of nations—though selfish natures oft
May strive to wrest the ampler share,—
Is quite as oft within the good man's gift
As his in whom no tender conscience pleads;
Besides, time is but the initiatory hour
Of outward trending immortality;
And life's deeds must conform in righteousness,

In justice and in truth, unto our hope:
If that we now are we do deem the best,
Whate'er it is, or high, or grovelling and low,
Life's later expectation must partake
In kind and feature; as the full-ope'd flower
Is but the expanded bud, or as the tree
Wide spreading in the vale the out-grown seed,
So must life's love expand to fuller joy,
Its justice grow with wider scope, its truth,
No sin-bound fetters owning, be divine.
But ah! sin's issue too must viler be,
Life's hates be deadlier, and foul vice become,
With grosser contact and unloosed restraint,
A solemn deep from whence thought shrinks in awe;
And blest is suffering, in whatever shape
It comes, if but the end designed is wrought;
And natures worldly through its aid portray
The mellowness of Christian love and peace.

We look on ocean's gently heaving breast,
And watch its wavelets break upon the shore,
And see the sun from out a cloudless sky

Cast wide the glory of his silvery sheen;
Yet in the deep sea's monotone a voice
Speaks out in solemn majesty and dread,
And the gently scudding breeze gives forth
Prophetic whispers of wild, latent storms,
While the great wreck bedded in the yellow sand
Marks how the giant was but late in wrath;
So when we view the factory's busy crowd
In quiet order ply their skilful craft,
And list the labor-lightening songs they sing,
And watch their willing heartiness of toil,
Our thoughts are swayed to comfort, peace, and joy;
Yet, too, at times, we trace out here and there
Some one that still bears wounds of other days,
Some faces that have paled in suffering's skaith,
Some shoulders stooping as if still they bore
The burdens wherewith care had fretted life,
And feel that all the seeming peace depends
On some strong Power we cannot help but own
Superior to the creature's mind and will,
At whose dispensing some may find their bliss,
And others meet with suffering and despair;

But all enduring with a varying grace
Whate'er is needed for life's solemn voyage,—
The calm, the storm, the sunshine, or the cloud.

John rose o'er all his hardships, and retained
His quiet faithfulness toward God and man,
Administ'ring with tenderness and skill
Alike the qualities of earth and heaven;
Not his the opulence of untold gold,
But sure investments made in righteous deeds,
And well-earned profits from a careful life—
The better riches of sweet holy peace.
The humbled partner labored humbly still,
But ever wondering how complete had failed
His favorite theories and plans of life,
Though in the world's vain thought laid sagely wise;
And yet he loved to talk o'er all the past,
Its disappointments now no mystery,
And all his sufferings tempered in the calm,
Serene and blest, wherein his soul could see,
With lengthened vision and with surer sight,
Life's grandest success where hope's dreams had failed;

Nor may we wonder, for the varied thought
That less esteems that once admired the most,
Is but the calmer judgment given the sway,
And so decides that after thoughts are best;
Like as the laborer, while he wends his way
To home's sweet cot, where love awaits to greet,
Marks all the riches of the sunset's glow,
And thrills to see day's glory fade in night,
Yet do the comforts of his own fireside—
Home's welcome cheer, exuberant of bliss,—
Eclipse the golden shedding of the sky,
And in the greater, though the humbler, joy,
He lives,—the after gladness of his hearth
Supplanting thoughts the dying sun inspired.

The mind seeks ever for some stable ground
Whereon to build the structures hope forecasts;
But finding each endeavor fail in part—
Perhaps in whole—demands some reason why,
And seeks the springs whence issue fate's decree,
To ask why round each light of life is cast
Portentous halos of o'erwhelming storm,—

Why disappointment's baleful breath should blast
Man's every effort to achieve his hope ?—
And what the answer ?—'Tis a voice that cries:
The life that now is, is but life's first step,—
The tottering walk of human babyhood;
Manhood's growth and strength lies all beyond!
The time that now is, is but the budding,
The flowering and the fruiting are to come;
'Tis but the first foundation being laid,
And a long future 's given wherein to rear
The temple's fabric, beautiful and fair.
We meanwhile look but on unfinished things,—
The rough-hewn blocks enclosing angel forms,—
The first inceptions of a grand design,
That spreads and grows the more the mind can grasp
The infinite length and breadth of God's eternity;
And all the hazards of the passing hours,
Their strange vicissitudes, sufferings, and tears,
Are but the chisel's chippings—meant to shape
And polish into beauty, and make meet
For setting in heaven's many-mansioned courts,
The stones He 's so made precious in His sight.

The chrysalis, in inert silence wrapped,
Shows not the golden-tinted wings within,
Until the summer's resurrecting power
Gives the freed prisoner unbounded flight;
And so, methinks, that when, in anxious moods,
We speculate on life's uncertain range,—
The hazard of our daily walk—the loss,
The gain—so great to-day, so small to-morrow—
The hopes so bright that end so oft in blight,
The weariness and care, the grief and pain,
The poverty, the mourning, and the tears,
And at the last the coffin and the shroud,
The grassy hillock, and the churchyard's rest,—
Our minds should reason that there must be found
Some compensation for the sufferings borne
Throughout life's journey,—some lasting solace
Other than those fleeting hours can give,—
Some balm to heal the woundings, quell the pain,—
Some recompense to fill the voids of loss;
And therefore are we but as sowers here,
Scattering seed from which we'll garner grain,
Or laborers busy in the Master's work,

Soon to be called to get the wages due;
And we may deem death's long and dreamless sleep
But as the folding into chrysalis rest,
From whence, in season, we will burst, arrayed
In garments fitted for immortal life.

When all life's seasons and its care
Are looked on as things cast behind,
How will the wounds they gave appear,
Or how those things with hope that shined?

Seen from the many-mansioned shore,
Will life present its scenes of pain?
Or, heaven's high ramparts looking o'er,
The pathway show life's joys again?

Methinks that every ill of life,
Its hours of weariness and care,
Are but the shades that give relief,
And force unto a picture fair;

And that, seen from the heights of bliss,
Time's intermingling good and ill
Will show alone God's tenderness,—
The perfect guiding of His will.

That every hour that knows a woe,
Will have its purposed end revealed,
And things that now we cannot know
Will have their mystery unsealed.

And that the crudeness life displays
While straining onward to the goal,
Will fit in fragments, and our days
Present at last a glorious whole.—

Glorious in its hours of gladness,
In its laughter and its joy,
And not less so though its sadness
These times of weariness employ.

Not a soul but has some graces
Wound within it, heaven-endowered;

Not a soul but shows forth traces
Of God's mercy on it showered.

And though these we cannot see,
While 'mid scenes of care we move,
All, in celestial light set free,
Will appear illumed with love.

For when once the journey's ended,
With expanding knowledge seen,
Life's enigmas apprehended,
Will show that all arranged had been;—

Arranged of Him whose hand of might,
Whose precient eye, and wisdom pure,
Sets every atom in the light
To which His leadings trendeth sure.

The partial and the incomplete
Surround our pathway everywhere;
And they who for the perfect wait
Must needs in faithful patience bear,—

Until glory, full reflected,
Gleams down all the hoary past,
And each deed in life enacted
Is into fitting joinder cast.

And the broken fragments gathered
Of these frittering days and hours,
Will seem goodly stones, all gathered,
To build the Eternal's temple towers;

Where every worshipper will know
What time's true relation is
To the unreckoned years that flow
Beyond life's portals into bliss;

Where even the glory of the throne
Has mercy's symbol round it shed;
And from Him who sits thereon
Earth's deep-wrought memories ne'er can fade;

Where not the angelic white of heaven,
Nor that of silvery clouds of air,

Nor yet the burnished gold of even,
Or rosebud's tintings, deemed so fair;

No! nor the bright cerulean blue,
Is chosen to drape its glory forth;
But the sweet, soft emerald hue,—
The universal green of earth! *

Thus through all the coming ages
Keeping ever in our view,
All the long past, writ of sages,
And these paths we now pursue;

Making steadfast memory's scenes,
Garbed in the old accustomed dress;
While the familiar aspect weans
Back those things that best express,—

All the affections' fond emotion,
All life's suffering, love, and joy,
Clustering into pure devotion,—
The past and future's rapt employ.

* Rev. iv. 3.

VI.

THE HIGHEST CONCEPTION OF SUFFERING—SUFFERING FOR OTHERS,

Especially Exampled in the Sufferings of Christ.

Christ's Love, surpassing Knowledge, can be but faintly Typified in Human Experience.—The Mother for her Child.—England towards rebellious India.—Christ's Suffering on Earth becomes His greatest Glory in Heaven.—Neither Christ nor Man made to Suffer more than is needful to Accomplish the End of Life's Mission.—Christ's Mission fully accomplished in Salvation.—Man's Mission attained only in the Acceptance of Christ's atoning Sufferings.

"He was despised and rejected; . . . esteemed not; . . . a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; . . . stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted; . . . wounded, . . . bruised, . . . oppressed; . . . put to grief; . . . poured out His soul unto death; . . . numbered with transgressors; . . . for My people."—*Isaiah* liii.



VI.

THE HIGHEST CONCEPTION OF SUFFERING— SUFFERING FOR OTHERS,

Especially Exampled in the Sufferings of Christ.

"Perfect through sufferings."—*Heb.* ii. 10

BUT suffering is ennobled in a loftier theme,—
A theme that far transcends the wildest dream
That floats in the imaginings of mind,
Or can through fancy's airy chambers wind:
'Tis suffering love,—love yielding unto pain,
Not for its own, but for another's gain;
Love suffering unto death, that it may give
Life to the dead, and that it may receive,
With all the welcome of a dear loved friend,
It's hating foe; love yielding all to 'fend
From misery its enemy; to break
The chain that binds him unto woe, and make

Him the possessor of a princely throne,
And in the olden foe a brother own!
Oh! wondrous thought, outstretching every bound
Of soul, exhausting all the depths profound
Of an eternity's expanse, that love
Even God to suffering and death could move,
To save the tiny creature of His hand,
And give him place among that seraph band
That swell the anthems of heaven's praise above,—
Unceasing praise for sufferings borne in love!

We understand the mother's doating care,—
The child reciprocates her love, and there
Affection's tendrils, shooting ever, cling
Tenacious to the tiny prattling thing,
Because its own love, sweet and beautiful,
Repays a thousand times the dutiful
Attendance of the older hands and feet,—
Love finds in giving that it gets as sweet!
But who can understand that tireless skill,
The unwearied watchfulness, more tender still,
That hangs from hour to hour, from day to day,
Till months—nay, sometimes years—have sped away,

Yet tends with care increased to every want,
Of greater love and kindness redolent?
Or who may understand where lies the charm
That animates a mother's outstretched arm,
To clasp with fond embrace the child whose crime
Has seared the life that seemed in youth divine;
Despite the blight cast o'er her early joy,
It is enough that he is still her boy,
And degradation seems but to augment
The force of suffering love's strange argument!
Was not Thy love, dear Lord, just such as this,
But infinite in measure,—a pure bliss
Possessing Thee when Thy fond eye could see
A holy beauty and felicity
Pervading all Thy handiwork,—ere sin
Had cast a blight Thy creature's heart within?
Thus far, perhaps, our thought may plume its flight,
And faintly grasp some measure of the height
And depth Thy gracious love encompasseth;
Or may discover how life's rugged path
Is smoothed down all the passing hours
With blessings, cast profuse as wayside flowers,

And fragranced with such thoughtfulness and care
As shows how near Thy heart Thy people are;
But oh! what higher reach of love is Thine,
That deems the erring sinner yet divine,
And sends o'erflowing down to every man
The precious tidings of Thy gospel plan,
And thus, despite their vileness, grants to live,
And welcomes unto all that heaven can give.

The quiet grandeur of Thy love, once seen,
Stirs into fervor hearts that long have been
Unconscious of the power in Thee that lay
Yearning to draw men to Thyself away;—
Animates with new-found joy those lives
That ne'er before have known the power that shrives
From evil's taint, nor felt how sweet the bliss
To wash in heaven's pure font of holiness;
And with the ardor of new-kindled love
Transforms to heroes—sets the mind above
The search for meaner things of sense, and turns
The current of men's lives where faith discerns
The grander purposes beyond, and shows
The purer channels where Thine own love flows.

With proud ambition and with frenzy fired;
With power all that his heart of zeal desired;
With wealth and honor strewed upon his path
Like flowers before a conqueror, and with wrath
Begot of success—indicative of things
Yet grander and to come—that ev'n kings
Might emulate and envy!—look at Paul,
The learned, missioned at fancied duty's call,
And keen to execute with bigot zeal
That he deemed righteousness and for God's weal;
Yet in a moment, when heaven's glory shone
With brightness that eclipsed the noon-day sun,
And when, in accents of complaint, there broke
Upon his ear the words that Jesus spoke,
His spirit changed the channel of its thought,
Nor evermore earth's empty honors sought,
And henceforth stood, through suffering, pain, and loss,
The dauntless soldier of the hated cross,
His proudest boast, whate'er of ill betide,
Alone to know of Jesus crucified!
Christ's gracious love, in all its grandeur seen,
So thrilled his soul that nought could come between;

The bonds, the shipwrecks, and the felon stripes;
The plotter's weapons, and the wild beasts' gripes;
False friends' revilings, and the slanderer's stain;
The dungeon's lonely weariness and pain;
The perils by wilderness, by sea, by land,
By cities' turbulence, by robbers' band;
In watchings oft, in hunger and in thirst,
And at the censor's bar arraigned and curst:
These never dimmed the beauty of his Lord,
Nor fainter made the echo of that word
That from heaven's opened portals gently fell,
And with constraining power his thoughts impel
To deem as worthless all that earth could give,
Beside the animating theme, to live
And die for Christ,—the truth in Him, once known,
Was ample store of honor and renown!
Say! which the better of those wondrous twain?—
Was 't Paul the honored, full of pride's disdain;
Or he the outcast, steeled in suffering's plaint,
In whom each passing age beholds the saint;
Who laid the honors of the world aside,
And chose its roughest paths and stormiest tide?

Say! was that life wasted when he cast away
Ambition's baubles, though near at hand they lay,
And chose the sterner paths that could but lead
To buffetings and woes without remede?
Or was it failure, though he wealth despised,
And deemed as virtueless what others prized,
And passed, from manhood unto hoary hairs,
A life where penury and toil appears
To bulk the largest, and the joy so strained
Above the human that it seems as drained
Of each delight the common mind can know,
Till thought is made in streams divine to flow.
 Sources of comfort and of joy there are
That with those which the world presents compare
As gold to dross; and then the gift of heaven,
The "grace sufficient" for all seasons given,
To fortify where'er the flesh is weak,
And strength impart to humble ones and meek:
These give a joy so blissful and so pure,
That for life's ills they med'cine are and cure;
But when to faith's far-visioned sight's revealed
Christ's gracious love, in blood and suffering sealed,

The soul demands expression for its joy,
And grander fields its new-found powers to employ;
And, full persuaded that time's passing scenes
Are but life's lesser part, and all demeans
The nobler instincts of the truer man,
That strives to cast o'er passion's freaks the ban
Of sterner will, sees incompleteness here,
But all perfection in the grander sphere
Revealed beyond,—so wraps itself in love,
Like Thine, dear Lord, on earth or heaven above.

Mighty monarch! what could more enhance
Thy praises, ringing o'er heaven's wide expanse,
Than Thy story, how, to earth enhumbled,
Thou falteredst not at suffering, nor stumbled
When the arch-tempter's cunning wiles assailed
Thy heart, fortressed in holiness, and failed?
Thy pilgrimage becomes heaven's endless theme,
And earth, with all the enchantment of a dream,
Retains the echo of Thy weary tread,
And of the grief that bowed Thy sinless head!
How could Thy subjects ere have judged or known
What duty Thou 'dst demand, what virtues own,

Had not Thy royal nature stooped to earth,
And chose a sphere of humbleness of birth,—
So teaching all—to men of every part—
That fealty lies in rightcousness of heart.

How grandly solemn is the ocean's breast,
Unchafed of storm, and laid at perfect rest,
When scarce a ripple breaks its mirrored face,
Save where traversing keels their tracks may trace!
It seems a conqueror resting on his arms,—
A victor smiling when fierce war's alarms
Have placed the crown of triumph on his brow,
And on his foes he may benignly bow;—
It seems a Titan resting at his ease,
In slumber fanned by evening's gentle breeze;—
And trusting voyagers, o'erawed in heart,
And knowing of the power that lies inert,
Feel in themselves the vastness of the whole,
And to the great Creator lift their soul;
So when we view the majesty serene
That shone in Christ,—His calm and holy mien
Throughout the sufferings of His short life's path,

And 'mid men's enmity, and scorn, and wrath,
And then reflect how vast the power that lay
Within, yet ne'er invited into play,
Save when, to speed the mission of His love,
He struck some chord akin to heaven,—above
The common thought of sin-encompassed men,
And showed the God to their unwitting ken;
For, given the act transcending all we know,
How can we else than humbly reverent bow?
Or list His words that heaven and truth define,
How else but own the lips that speak divine?

Glorious brother! what higher, nobler tie
Can bind to Thee, or lift our thoughts on high,
Than that Thou didst, in deep abasement, come
Down from heaven's scenes of lofty bliss, to roam
A little while upon this self-same earth,
Bow to its cares, and sanctify its mirth,
Pleased with the self-same fragrance of its flowers,
Its hills, its glades, its tranquil leafy bowers?—
The self-same love that stirs my anxious fears
Made of Thy heart a fount of sighs and tears;

The self-same sorrows and its joys were Thine,
As in the daily round of toil are mine:
Thus art Thou a brother true, and thus art bound,
By every bond in human nature found;—
But here each feature common in our life
Must part, how like soe'er in joy or strife;
My being's purpose, scarcely recognized,
Steals on its dreamy course, until, surprised,
I feel the coming of its waning hours,
And wonder whence the fail of wonted powers;
The past—the grave where moulder cherished themes—
Holds but a mass of unaccomplished dreams,
And though Thou shouldst in mercy spare me still,
Nor more nor less life's destiny fulfil,
And though each day with beauteous grace be clad,
How dim the glory that Thou shouldst have had!
Ah! brother dear, permit a worm like me
To claim the glory God demands in Thee!
And shelter find, whene'er our Father chides,
Within the robe Thy righteousness provides!
So shall life's chequered mission be fulfilled,
And I may find through Thee all He had willed.

But Thy great mission!—how can words define,
Or thought encompass, seeing 'tis divine!
Yet do we know of purposes fulfilled
In Thee;—designs eternity had willed
Were full accomplished in Thy life's short span,
That none may fathom until saved man
Lists from Thine own dear lips the story,
How Thy sufferings fruited into glory,
And shine the richest jewel of Thy crown—
The source of joy redeemèd myriads own!
Ah! not an hour that Thou didst pass on earth,
But had its end to show Thy glory forth!
From Bethlehem's manger to that solemn hour
When death itself yields to Thy conquering power,
That glory showed its brightest beaming most
When darkest shadows o'er Thy path were cast;
And of those weary hours how great the sum
Of those that bore Thee grief, and tears, and gloom!
And none more glorious than that darkest day
When sin and death fast held Thee in their sway,
And for a moment triumph from Thee flies,
Till Justice found the needed sacrifice:

And so Thy mission, which Thy latest breath
Proclaimed was fully finished in Thy death,
Upheld the honor of God's righteous law,
With not one tittle unfulfilled, nor flaw;
And now no more can Sinai's terrors move,
For Thou hast turned into the voice of love
Its dreadful thunders; and its fire and cloud
Are quenched by sufferings that Thy heart did shroud;
And life, with covenanted freedom blessed,
Glides with salvation's peace, once more caressed
With keener joy—through stripes and fury wild,
And tears, and wounds—a Father reconciled.
Ah! suffering's mission, like Thine own, sublime,
Is best portrayed upon that cross of Thine!

From the far east, from India's sultry plain,
Came the loud wail of agony and pain,
And England's heart stirred at the plaintive cry,
For 'twas her children's,—'twas the dying sigh
Of her fair daughters and brave sons, for whom
Her hearths and homes were darkened o'er with gloom!
She 'd weep,—but weeping were the fruit of fears,

And England could not spend her grief in tears,
Until her children and her honor 's saved!
Forth went her strength; Britannia's ensign waved
Once more triumphant o'er the rebel land,
But stained with deeper red; the martyr band
Had sanctified its folds; now could it soar
Firmer and more majestic than before;
Anew 'twas planted on the rock of pain,
And suffering stayed—'twas washed in blood again!
When England's heroes, marshalled for the fight,
Belched forth her wrath with all Britannia's might,
The horrors heaped in Cawnpore's dreadful well,
Delhi's towers, and Lucknow's citadel,
Were all avenged!—the cloud that for an hour
Dimmed the bright lustre of old England's power,
Was swept away;—once more love's cloudless ray
Serenely smiled upon her peaceful sway:
So was 't, when hoary sin grew mutinous,
And spurned the gentle yoke of holiness,
God from their thrones the wicked angels hurled,
And from His sight swept a rebellious world.
But once again, from India's sultry plain,

Came the loud wail of agony and pain,
And England's heart stirred at the plaintive cry;
Yet 'twas her murderer's beseeching sigh
For bread; famine rode behind rebellion's car,
And wreaked its wrath on those preserved in war;
Traitorous hordes, once fierce in boastful vaunt,
Pined in the throes of devastating want;
And hands that late led on the slaughterous raid
Were now outstretched in suppliance for aid!
 Now was Britannia's proudest, grandest hour,—
Now did she show the greatness of her power!
But not in vengeful acts was wrong repaid,
But by a noble and a generous aid;
For freely of her wealth she gave, and fed
Her starving enemies with needful bread;—
She used the greatness of her power to prove
The conquering vengeance of the brave—sweet love!—
A bright example saw the world at length,
How like to God 's a Christian people's strength!*

* The great Indian mutiny broke out on 10th May, 1857, and may be said to have ended with the taking of Delhi, on the 14th September following. Only a few years later--in 1865--occurred one of the

And while esteeming nobleness so grand
When 'tis presented by our Fatherland,
And unto all the world proclaims aloud
That love is strength, and we are justly proud
Of those great lessons which such acts should teach
Unto the nations, may we not beseech
The thoughts of all unto that nobler deed

most terrible famines of history, the result of an extraordinary drought and failure of crops, and in which 1,500,000 of lives are computed to have perished. The magnificently generous manner in which the people of England of all classes poured out of their wealth to meet an emergency so immediately affecting a people whose rebellion had put in sackcloth and mourning almost every household in the nation, and which had subjected her sons and daughters to the most atrocious and barbarous cruelties, forms one of the brightest episodes of British history. An incident of that time is worthy of record. A famine was imminent in one of the Indian dependencies, and the fact having been telegraphed to the British government, three of the largest transports were chartered, manned and loaded from the resources of her naval department, and within twenty-four hours had spread their white sails to invite the breeze and the blessing of heaven to waft them on their mission of mercy. More than her record of conquest, incidents like this only possible in a highly Christianized community, and illustrating the "righteousness that exalteth a nation"—indicate the solid national greatness of Britain.

By which God preached to all the sinful seed
Of man the same great law?—Is England brave
Because, in proof that she indeed forgave,
She lavished out her treasures and her gold?—
Then how should we admire, as thoughts unfold
Those sufferings and those agonies that prove
How vast the depths of God's redeeming love?—
What boundless riches hath those sufferings brought!
What endless wealth those agonies have bought!
All treasured up for man's eternal good,
But purchased at the priceless cost of blood.

Since all earth's griefs are born of sin, why then
Shouldst Thou, who walked amid earth's guilty men
A star amid the darkness, why shouldst Thou,
So pure, before sin's mete of suffering bow,
And speechless bear, with meekness all divine,
As if repentance' piercing throes were Thine?
Why called to bear life's sorrow all alone,
Without commingling joy, that might atone
Its banefulness; or quaff a cup all dregs,
And finds for its sore bitterness, that begs

Relief, no sweetened morsel, till the end
Evolved the issue, and Thou didst ascend,
Freed from sin's thraldom, and its grief and pain,
To suffering's heritage,—the glorious gain
Of sceptred right and universal power,
Won in salvation's coronation hour!

Thy gracious words this precious truth hath told,
That from Thy stripes Thy glory must unfold;
That it behooved Thee thus to suffer,—win
Through tears and blood, ere Thou couldst "enter in
The cup could not pass by Thee, nor couldst Thou
Quail from the draught, and find Thy royal brow
Decked once again with endless empire's crown,
Nor wield the power which Thou a space laid down!
No drop could spared be, nor pang, nor tear;—
'Twas needed all,—the tomb, the cross, the spear;
The cruel desertions and the traitor kiss,
The thorns, the mocking purple, and the hiss,
And all the hate that Satan's power could fling,
Else earth no Saviour had, nor heaven its King!

And so to Thine;—when toil laborious weighs
On frame and heart; when fretful anger sways

The thoughts to malice; when deep wrongs are laid
Unmeasured on our head, and hope, decayed
Or dead, can shed upon each coming hour
Nor light nor beam to gild the thick cloud's lour;
When friends long loved depart, and leave us lone,
And other hearts around are turned to stone;
Or, suffering from disease's painful sting,
Our life is fluttering as on wounded wing;—
All, all, are needed—not a pang too much!—
These are the grapplings of Thy love, to reach
Our heart of hearts—to draw us to Thine own,
And give us fellowship, in suffering shown!
Yea, all are needed,—not alone to show
That for each grief our Father makes to flow
Some fitting solace, or that some sweet balm
Treads close in sorrow's footsteps,—like the calm
Which Jesus' word shed o'er the stormy lake,
And stilled its waters for His followers' sake;
Or like that holier peace He sheds within
The soul that knows itself forgiven of sin;
Or as the rest He sheds with morning light,
When fever's wakefulness has broke the night;

Or like the new-mown breath the zephyr spreads—
Or sweetness which the bruisèd rosebud sheds,—
But all are needed that we may forego
The heart's vain estimate of this world's show,
And earth's uncertainties, and cast away
The untrue balances in which we weigh
Those mercies which a Father's love has given,
To serve for life on earth, and life in heaven.

I saw in thought the outer verge of earth—
One spot of its rotundity—set forth
In glory, streaming from the eternal past,
And light from the eternal future cast
With equal brightness on the self-same spot,
As if heaven's sinless shining had been brought
To one converging point, and that therein
Thou wanderedst, with every shape of sin
Repelled from Thy pure presence!—and the light
Of glory brighter grew, and human sight,
From time's first flight unto its far futurity,
Turned as with nature's instinct unto Thee,
To find of every age the anxious quest,—

One great Dispenser of sweet peace and rest,—
One right royal soul upon this wide world's path,
Worthy to draw the fealty and faith
Of broad humanity, and set them free
From bonds that bound in strange uncertainty
The curtained future and the unrobed past,
And let each heart, in truth confiding, cast
Its fruitless speculations all away,
Because revealings of the latter day
Were in the radius of Thy life shed forth,
So clear, so bright, and with such glorious worth,
That all life's being,—be it that of heaven,
Or hell, with their eternal sequence given,
Or that of earth, while lasts its meteor flash,—
Was with intensest longing turned to dash
Its straining sight upon that one bright spot,
Converging all the unresting world's vague thought
Where Thou didst wander,—kingly in Thy mien,
Though to earth's vileness shrouded and unseen;
Royal in Thy native majesty of soul,
And in the gifts of blessing Thou didst roll
So lavishly that all constrained to say

The eyes were blessèd who had seen Thy day!
And all the ages looked, and wondering saw
That radiant point of earth and time in awe,
Because from thence were scattered and made free
Mysterious truths of God's eternity,
That prophet's lips had never dared reveal
But as in vision, that did half conceal
Truths given in part to incite the heart for more,
As grains of gold prospect the mine's full store;
And all were satisfied, for each one found,
Within the little space of life's short round,—
Within the span of measured days we deem
So curtly broken, and so gross and mean,
A purposed end of glorious dignity
That makes him kin with dread eternity;
And in the mission that Thy life made clear
Showed each his own,—a destiny so dear
To heaven's unsinning hosts—to God—to Thee,
Seen in the light of love of Calvary,
That still that light is made to beam with ray
Clearer and brighter on from day to day,
That broader truth and understanding lore

May know Thee better, and so love Thee more,
And hearts, blest with far-visioned eye of grace,
May find in Thee their solace, joy, and peace.

Jesus! now seated on Thy regal throne,
Who's sceptre's triumphs all the world must own!
Whilst Thou with lowly mien earth's pathways trod,
Men could not pierce the veil, and see Thee God,
Yet gave a royal welcome at the last,
And 'neath Thy feet fair flowers and branches cast!
And still—through all those long past ages—ring
Their glad hosannas to the passing King;
But 'tis no victor's plaudits Thou dost claim,
As if Thine were a common hero fame,—
Nor that men peans in Thine honor raise,
Nor palm nor laurel waving in Thy praise;
No chaplet seek'st Thou at Thy subjects' hands,
Nor mean obeisance wrests from servile bands;
Still wouldst Thou have some outward token given,
That earth retains its loyalty to heaven;
And, gracious always, Thou hast told Thy will,
How best Thy people may Thy hests fulfil,

And only ask'st what only all may give—
Their hearts—that in affection all may live:
As of Thy love Thy sufferings best may tell,
And in Thy death Thou 'dst be remembered still;
So, though in view is held a glorious crown,
And all are beckoned ev'n to share Thine own,
Thou call'st that men should holy suffering dare,
And giv'st to each a cross o'er thorns to bear!

One thought there is excites surprise:
God's Christ came not in kingly guise;
The Lord of lords and King of kings
Was satisfied with lowly things;
The great and only Potentate
Assumed no regal pomp or state;
The world's prophetic Conqueror
Was spat upon, and triumphed o'er;
And, unrevealed His kingly sphere,
He toiled an humble carpenter!
Were we to question what can be
The meaning of this mystery,
Sweet thoughts at once unprompted rise,

That He the very humblest guise
Assumed that lowly ones might see
That they—even they—might welcome be
To every good His work would bring,
As well as priest, or lord, or king;
That coming lowly, yet so great,
He better knows of every state,—
Was better fitted just to meet
The varied phase of each conceit,
That strangely turns the human heart
Away from truth's ingenuous art,
And shows Him more, whate'er befall,
A Saviour-Friend akin of all.
His glorious honor still remained
Uncancelled; He His power retained
Unshorn, though laid aside in shade,
That even the poor He might persuade,
By fellow-sympathy of tears,
Unawed by aught of royal fears.
 Weary was He for the weary's sake;
A man of sorrows but to make
The sorrowful rejoice;—of grief

The bearer but to give relief
To every pang the heart can know,
Or cause that bids a tear to flow;
The bounteous Lord of harvests full
Was hungry that He might console
With Bread of life the hungry soul;
Forsaken that He might give hope
To outcasts that in darkness grope;
Reviled with all hate's bitterness,
Yet cursing not, but prone to bless,
That evil's instincts kept in strain,
And passion held in perfect rein,
Might to His followers ever prove
A pattern bright of peace and love;
Homeless was He that He best might show
The loneliness of homeless woe;
A wanderer all adown life's way,
At morn unknowing where He 'd lay
At eve His head; the mountain air,
Oft wafting up His midnight prayer,
That He might lead the troubled breast
To where is found the sweetest rest.

O MASTER, Thou who in Thyself didst know
Life's mysterious reachings—the broad intent
Of all its issues—whence they come and go—
And sorrow blending in its bliss, why sent;

O let the teachings of Thy life reveal
What are those secret chords within our own,
Whose strong vibratings thrill, yet still conceal
Strong links that ring with Thine in unison.

How large the volume of Thy grief appears,
Against rejoicings in Thy pilgrimage!
While the great burden of Thy life was tears,
And weariness, and man's envenomed rage.

Oh! wouldst Thou have us thus to learn of Thee,
That so should run our chequered day-dream's course;
Or that our hours should more of weeping see
Than have aught drawn from mirthful source?

Or is it rather that the joy, less seen,
Was purer—so Thy heart could better fill,—

That more Thou hadst than man could ever wean
Or understand—to do Thy Father's will?

And that, drawn from such exalted source,
It served to mellow all Thy wilder pain,—
Had heights and depths of such unfathomed force,
It gave Thee heaven-sent comfortings again.

And so Thou 'dst teach us 'mid our cares and woes,—
Or even the rending of this mortal frame,
That from the Fatherhood of God there flows
A higher gladness than the tongue can name;

That through life's solemn march, even unto death,
There are pure fonts of bliss nought can repress,
Because the secret of the Lord is with
The lowly heart that trusts in faithfulness.

VII.

SUMMARY,

THE SUFFERING AND UNSATISFYING NATURE OF THE PRESENT LIFE IMPLIES A BETTER TO COME.—EVERY OCCASION OF SUFFERING HAS A DESIGN IN THE PURPOSES OF GOD.—TIME MELLOWS GRIEF, AND BEAUTIFIES DECAY.—AS NONE ARE EXEMPT FROM SUFFERING, SO NONE ARE FORGOTTEN IN GOD'S ARRANGEMENTS TO ENJOY THE FRUIT OF SUFFERING IN A FUTURE STATE OF PERFECT HAPPINESS.

"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer."—*Rev.* ii. 10.



VII.

SUMMARY.

"We go through life wondering whereunto this thing will grow; but by every affliction something is gained,—perhaps a deeper knowledge of the mind of God, and a deeper insight into ourselves."—DEAN STANLEY.

NOW may we turn and with all reverence ask
Why each should suffer in his earthly task?
Surely the wisdom that arranged it thus
Had power to make His tiny creatures pass,
At once, without the ordeal of decay,
From less to greater—fuller—life away?
But 'tis enough that such is His behest,—
'Tis our Creator's will, and therefore best;
It is His sovereign will that such should be,—
'Tis ours to bend unto His wise decree!
Yet will He check His children's meek desire,
Or frown when they in humbleness enquire?
Nay! He 'll cherish all who thus intrude,
For all He 's done, and all He does, is good!

From day to day unsatisfied we live,
And longings unfulfilled our hearts deceive;
All our incessant toils are to provide
For coming time;—to ward away the tide
Of surging years is labor's great pretext,
And every hour is strained to serve the next:
Then should we know, since all thus onward tend,
That we should seek for reasons in the *end;*
'Tis in the wondrous end for which we live
We must the dark designs of Providence perceive,
Else what a mystery would encompass all
The varied circumstance of time!—'twould pall
The stoutest heart to see from day to day
His gains by disappointment swept away;
Or know, though fair and prosperous his career,
He cannot pledge its safety for a year;
Nay, that one short hour of suffering may find
Him gone, and left his cherished wealth behind.
But more: is't right that we in health remain,
While some dear friend is languishing in pain?
Or is it justice that our friend's passed o'er
With less of suffering, while we suffer more?

'Tis not for time alone our Father deals
With us; though in the present He reveals
His power, He has a purpose higher than
To fill with suffering or joy our span
Of moments; He sustains our beating hearts,
Not alone that we may fulfil our parts
Of daily toil—to fast or feast, to weep
Or laugh.—Oh! were it so—were He to keep
His all-wise counsels with a view to time,
Our life—that strange and awfully sublime
Enigma—were made stranger than it seems;
It were an aimless weeping, or busy dreams
Of happiness, but purposeless withal;
Creation were a waste of power, and all
The heaving tide of being He has formed,—
The nations and their peoples,—all deformed
Into a toy to please His regal whim;
It were a base contortion, and its film
Of joy and pleasure but a sickly mask
To coy each seeker to his useless task.
But nay! to exercise almighty power,
Ev'n in the tiny dew-drop or the flower;

Or in its vaster flight, to span
The heaven's great arch, or crown its work with ma
Must be to cause each work to serve an end;
And oh! does not our consciousness attend
Unto strange premonitions from without,
As if some fairy charm were coiled about
Our being, and bound us unto spirit land;
Or just as if some blessèd seraph band,
Wistful in love, but tremulous of sin,
Bent down to earth, and wooed our souls within.

Yes! all our days, and all our lengthening years,
With all our mingled feelings, hopes, and fears,
Weave in a pattern in the web of time,
That's meant to clothe eternity's sublime
Infinitude; each moment plants the seeds
That grow to greenness in life's passing deeds;
But ah! the flowers—the fruit—of all our acts
Are culled and garnered in the boundless tracts
Inhabited of God!—Day unto day
Is added till fleeting seasons pass away;
Joy follows joy, and grief on heels of strife,
Builds up the wondrous structure of our life;

But all the wasted fragments of its hours
Are sealed with purpose: as the cuckoo cowers
Unseen amid the foliage of the grove,
And loud proclaims of "springtime and of love,"
So does God's purpose mingle with our cares,
And gently soothes and weans from us our fears;
And though that purpose yet seems dark and dim,
Hope, still irradiant, bids us trust in Him!
Yea, ev'n the outcast,—ev'n the darkest life,
That seems from kin divided by the knife
Of vice or pride, of poverty or gold,
Has intertwined within its secret fold
This precious cord;—it is a cable sure
That moors our drifting lives to the eternal shore;
For we are voyagers strangely tempest tossed,
With many unknown waters to be crossed,
And each day's cruise has tempest, rock, and shoal
To be encountered ere is reached the goal;
But, as when the storm gust and the angry wave
Have driven the bark and its sailors brave
Upon the dreadful lee-shore, and their cry
For help is heard by the watchful guard, high

On the rocky height,—compassion's dictate
Urges their rescue from impending fate,
And, louder than the roar of wind and wave,
Is heard the mortar's booming rush to save,
And then o'erhead, in spite of wind and storm,
The lines by mercy's messenger are borne,
Which, firmly grasped by desperate hands, become
Their safety from the yawning ocean's foam,—
Their succor in the hour of need, that ends
Their risks, restoring them to earth and friends;—
So, when driven before Time's fitful wave,
And drifting on the lee-shore of the grave;
When shivered on temptation's sunken rock,
Or stranded on the reefs of vice; the shock
Is breaking up humanity's gay bark,
And the pilot gropes, cheerless, through the dark
And starless night of age—(he seems a raft
That keeps the life afloat, which the winds waft,
Now gentle, now with rude and boisterous force,
Hither and thither in unstable course);—
But as the morning casts its lurid light
Across the watery waste, the spirit's flight,

Roused by the first grey dawn of thought, lays bare
How impotent his strength, and stirs despair;
'Tis then long-suffering mercy's outstretched arm
Comes to the rescue,—casts the soothing charm
That's found in truth o'er doubt's conflicting waves,
And bids the storm be still—the lost one saves!—
God's purpose, thrown by love, and grasped by faith,
Makes sure that life for which the saint's soul prayeth.
And here alone the restive soul may bide;
Here is the utmost shore to which the tide
Of speculation comes; before it lie
The ocean vast which thought may occupy,—
Where it may rear unchecked its crested wave,
Dash over error's sanded banks, and heave
Up cloudward all the light and airy spray
Of its imaginings; here may it play
Its fancy's wish; pervade each rocky bay
Or flowery islet,—cast the weeds away,—
(Those weeds our notions and conceits reveal,)—
That clog its waters it their onward swell;
Unchecked explore its caves, where mystery sleeps,
Or drag the pearly riches of its deeps

Forth from its vague profundity, and bind
Their lustre to the diadem of mind.
But yet, though struggling ever to advance,
There is a limit to its vast expanse;
There is a power that keeps in check its will,
And bids the surging of its waves be still;
There is a shore to which its waters reach,
Nor can it overtop that rocky beach;
Ah! yes! though mind may wield a regal sway,
There is a higher sceptre to obey,—
A power that dwells in knowledge' perfect light,
Who sits supreme in judgment of the right;
And oh! give thanks! this power, this sceptre grand
Is wielded by a kindly Father's hand.

Beneath the joys that gild the passing years,
The emotions throbbing in our tim'rous fears,
The gay delights that fill each gliding day,
The mirth that tends time's fitful dance away,
There lies, deep buried like volcanic fire,
Some wide-spread cause of cankering ire,
That shoots eruptive through the scenes above,

And mars the beauty of the life of love;
Yet joy 's the sum of life! but ah! it rests
Its gladness upon suffering's bequests:
Thus all the beauty lavished round to-day
Has fructified on beauty passed away;
Thus peace and plenty o'er the people fall,
Because our sires had nobly toiled for all;
Thus are the comforts cast to each one's share
The fruit of some sharp foregone fretting care;
Thus, too, the hope of glory's treasured store,
Are based on sufferings which our Saviour bore.
Then, when our future stands portrayed in gloom,
And seems to crush us with impending doom,
When boding fears would make the strength to fail,
Unnerves the arm, and drives the heart to quail,
Look up, and see the fruit which suffering gives,—
How—the ordeal o'er,—'tis good alone that lives!
See man endure his God's afflictive ire,
Just as the gold is purified in fire;
He suffers ere he bids the world adieu,—
So must the diamond ere it glitters too!
Come, then, oh! come,—with willing heart enforce

The lessons taught in suffering's wide-spread course!
All hearts have woes!—thine may be yet in store;
Anguish may come thou hast not known before;
Hope gilds the hours, yet dares not gild them all,
Forgetful of what mishaps may befall;
There's none fight in the battlefield of life
Who are not some time wounded in the strife;
Then learn affliction's cup to quaff, and yet
Triumph o'er all,—thy miseries forget.

As when the captive, pent in lonesome cell,
Drops nightly on his couch, and wooes the spell
Of dreams of home and friends,—fain he laughs
And gambols with his boys again, and quaffs
The nectar of their frolics wild; still, morn
Renews his toils,—discovers him forlorn;
And as these oft-repeated visions come
And go unrealized,—like phantoms roam
Within the dusky shadows of the night,
And will with morning take their airy flight,—
He feels as hope were withering from his breast,
And blest desires are less and less caressed,

Till sullen brooding's victor in the fight,
And, like the northern winter, it seems ever night.
Yet oft will sudden hope revive his care,
And animate the torpor of despair,
As when he listens to the thunder's shout,
And hears the raving of the storm without;
For quick such elemental wars unrest
The ardent longings of his patriot breast,
And scenes of other days his thoughts outstretch,
And quiver from his tongue in faltering speech,—
In words that utter forth renewed desire,
Strong and seer-like, with prophetic fire
That glints at times across his anxious heart,
And makes it doubt and dread some coming smart,-
Portentous clouds that from time's bosom roll,
And cast foreboding shadows o'er the soul.
As when a people for their leader mourn,
In civil fury rise; go forth and storm
His prison-house, and in exulting glee,
Set their beloved captive leader free,—
So nature runs into rebellion wild,
And in unbridled wrath would free its child—

Of gloom—break the fetters of captivity,
And let the sufferer leap to liberty.
So, too, the exile from the world is fain,
When fettered to his weary couch of pain,
To cast his longing thoughts back to the time
When strength and vigor nerved his youthful prime;
When for regrets the past gave little scope,
And the young life was yet bound up in hope;
When days were filled with far-off golden dreams,
Or spent to fit him for expected scenes;
When evening hours brought sport, and love, and son
With thousand joys that unto youth belong;
But back-turned thoughts are wearied joys, that cast
Vague shadows o'er the retrospected past;
As, gazing backward o'er the fading years,
To brooding minds the gloom alone appears,
He sees his life with scarce one ray benign—
The unfinished ruin of a grand design!—
Time's tide has dashed away the longed-for goal,
And stormy bitterness disturbs the soul;
This for a space,—betimes such troubles cease,
Thought sounds the future for a resting place,

And the faint glimmer of the Day-star's ray
Steals gently in ere comes life's setting day,
Then, like the soldier when the campaign's o'er,
He deems as honors all the pains he bore;
Yea, he esteems his long-borne sufferings dear,
Because they 've brought the promised land so near,
Rejoices in the liberty they 'll give,
When, wrenched the last fierce pang, they will relieve
The burdened soul from its captivity,
And let it bound to freedom in eternity!

What spot of all the earth, what home, what heart,
Has not of suffering borne its own sad part?
The cot, the palace, and the castle tower,
Have each in every age known sorrow's hour;
O'er the wide earth there 's no retreat or shade,
Where hearts may break not, nor a tear invade;
There is no rock that towers above the vale
But has at some time echoed back a wail;
No stretching strath but 's heard wild warfare's clang,
And sufferers groaned where reapers should have sang;
There is no foot of earth but what hath been

Of life and death the last sad parting scene,—
Where suffering souls, to whom release was given,
Spurned the old house of clay, and leapt to heaven;
And yet such sufferings are not all of ill,
Nor does our Father let us suffer still:
The deep broad lines that mark life's tearful hours,
Leave, too, the traces of some softening powers,
Which deep in memory's indentations flow,
And o'er the passing moments pleasures throw:
The helpless orphan, on the world cast forth,
Outlives its woes, and yields once more to mirth;
And hearts long widowed from their tears refrain,
Cast out their grief, and learn to smile again;
Where willows weep the sweet birds warble,
And spring flowers bloom round the sculptured marb
The green grass waves o'er the hallowed mound
Where love lies treasured under the ground;
And when Summer flies, the dead earth receives
From Autumn a mantle of russet leaves:
And when Winter groans, and his tempests blow,
'Tis beautified o'er with the spotless snow:—
And so, 'gainst the light of milleniums past,

Each age comes truer and purer than last,
As the seed that's sown in springtime hour
Yields fragrance and joy in the full blown flower.
And the myriad sighs that are borne on air,
And the deep complaints voiced forth in prayer,
And each pang that's wrenched from a mother's heart,
As she pleads for her child in the holy art;
And each father's care that the light of truth
May brighten the path for the feet of youth;
And each prayer for relief the sufferer brings,
And each groan from hearts that repentance wrings,
Hath wrought in the world a refining power
That must grow and multiply o'er and o'er:
Like holy love which a mother bequeaths
To her children dear ere the world she leaves:
Though one heart is its source, yet who will dare
To number the streams that may flow from there,
Till, lengthened and widened from sire to son,
The world is redeemed, and to love is won.

Thus should the heart wherein sorrow hath raged
Deem that grief passed through has a joy presaged,
And lift up the soul in a stalwart hope

That will fight life's ills, and with trial cope,
Which death cannot shake nor terrors appall,
Knowing our Father as God over all,
Who hath fixed the time for love's pure reign,
When sorrow, nor grief, nor pang may stain;
But heaven's pure bliss like dew shall fall,
With God's great love overshadowing all.

I would not weary in the path of life
Though thickly strewn with thorns of care;
Nor falter though the warfare's rugged strife
May make me pain and sorrow share.

I know that every step from day to day
Has been arranged of God for me;
And that, 'mid all the troubles of the way,
I may to Him as to a father flee.

Why should the vexings of the passing hour
Disturb the soul's serenity,

When He acquaints us of His will and power
To help us while those troubles flee?

To toil on profitless from day to day,
Without a respite unto care,
May sweep the comfort of earth's hope away,
Yet lays heaven's brighter glory bare;

And then, with life above—beyond—revealed,
Time 's tarnished but a little space;
Heaven's heights of love will joy in fulness yield,
And suffering compensate with grace.

Oh! let us faithfully hold ever on,
Unwearied howsoe'er life flows,
Our source of strength that God still smiles upon
The trusting soul, whate'er its woes.





MISCELLANEOUS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

FOIBLES.

SPEAK na wi' a jeering tongue
O' what thy queerest neebour 's doin';—
Ken ye what thochts thro 's noddle run,
Or what his invention 's brewin'?
What may to you seem eerie wark—
Wad set a restless spirit railin',
May 's hobbie be—sae cease your bark,—
Ilka body has their failin'.

Speak saftly when a neebour errs,
Nor send his fauts owre a' the parish;
Wisdom counsel kind prefers,—
Sic counsel errin' folks will relish.
Come, let 's haud a cheerin' hand
To help a chiel, whate'er his ailin';
His fauts in us may sune be faund,—
Ilka body has their failin'.

When e'ening 's come, and then are met
Half the tongues in a' the clachan,
The grewsome stories they relate
Wad set a waesome heart a-lauchin';
Ken they but ae neebour's faut,
They ne'er will hide, but sure be tellin';
Gae ask gin they come short in aught,—
Perhaps they hae, like him, their failin'.

What though a chiel may ance do wrang,
Will ye mend him wi' yer clatter?
Rumour oftener adds a whang
Than a' it does to mend a matter.
Then when a word is said unkind,
Let 's try to check a' useless railin';
It is a maxim gude to mind,
That ilka body has their failin'.

You 've read my text,—now, would you say 'tis wrong
To own some frailties that to all belong?—
Those foibles that seem in nature's plan
To sweeten care in life, and mark the man

From out his fellows: I mean those traits
We meet in character, which oft creates
Esteem and love,—perhaps our scorn or hate;
But am I right to say that *all* possess
Some of these foolish frailties, more or less?—
That there are none exempt;—that *all* must own
A leaning to some littleness;—that all are prone
To run within the ever-deepening rut
Which habits, gathering for a lifetime, cut?
Who does not notice in a class—perhaps deride—
Some vexing trait that 's near akin to pride?
Or in a second who can fail to meet
The strutting air of arrogant conceit?—
And there 's another, in whom we may discover
Some stingy meanness that may goodness cover;
But these are frailties that we bear with less
Than those which wear an amiable dress;
For there are virtues that are frailties too,
And foibles in goodness not a few!
Thus we applaud the charitably good,
Who seek the hungry and supply them food;
But some with lavish heart can ne'er refuse,—

Whose kindness squanders what was meant to use,–
To whom a wise discrimination means
A niggard soul,—or narrow meanness seems!
Whose kindly heart must every want relieve,.
Nor ever judge if it be *right* to give;
And just the same in riches of the soul,—
That wealth enjoyed when heaven's the goal;
May we not squander all the wealth He gave
By keeping stagnant what of grace we have?
Yea, we may gather for our neighbor's use,
And yet the manna for ourselves abuse;—
To dig our neighbor's vine we may be prone,
Forgetful that we may neglect our own;
So, too, the patriot, generous and brave,
Whose grateful land no stinted honors gave,
May well have wrought with craft, and strength and
For right have fought, and fought with noble will,
Yet in some hour regardless of his fame,
Permits some foible to blast his name.

But there's a class who claims a mete of praise,
Whose very name our best affections raise,—
For who that loves not, cherishes, admires,

The hand that curbed his fiery youth's desires,
Who fanned our hopes, who brushed away our fears,
Who wisely led till wisdom came with years;
Whose deathless love is more esteemed than fame,
For what is sweeter than a mother's name?
But ev'n in this we may conceive a fault,
Producing scenes that make the heart revolt;
For love abused grows indiscreetly wild,
And, misdirected, spoils the adored child!
How oft regret is raised that this hath been,—
That this sweet frailty frequent should be seen!
Ah! better 'twere that death should snatch away
The loved one, than that life should bring the day
That sees young hearts unsympathetic move,
Or parents meet with unrequited love;
For death has kindness in his office oft,
And seals our love while tender, green, and soft!
How sweet the prattle of the long-lost child,
The undying cadence of its mirth so wild,
That trembles through the memory like a beam
Through flitting clouds—too real to think a dream,
And yet too dream-like to believe it real;

For absence has impressed its misty seal
Of spirit-like remembrance, which we cling
To as a sad, yet joyous, sainted thing!
But otherwise,—if Providence hath spared
The child matured in years, yet not reward
The manly form with noble manliness,
Or womanhood with sweetening tenderness,
How hard to bear,—yet with what patience borne,—
The barb that stings in one's own offspring's scorn!
And here the frailty is: love judges wrong
And blinds the faults that to the child belong:
The truth 's expressed within the old adage,
Which men have built into a proverb sage,
"That love paints belovéd ones fairest and brightest,
As rooks think the birds o' their ain nests whitest!"
But that my aim ye may the better glean,
I would illustrate by a story what I mean:—

Annie Brown was a widow, but ane o' your douce,
Canty wee bodies, wha 're the pride o' a hoose,
Be it puir man's or rich; wi' a manner o' grace,
A blithe blink for the blinkin' aye lichtin' her face.

Wi' the warld 'maist at ease, yet the gude things o' life,
Though sometimes were dainticed, they had never been rife;
Brought up in comfort, she'd been married to plenty,—
Enough for plain wants kept her couthy and canty.

Annie Brown kept a shop, and the hoose was her ain;—
Through life she'd been eident—'twas the owreshot o' gain;
Wi' a gude word for a', and in peace wi' a' roun',
There were nane mair respected than blithe Widow Brown.

Ae son was her a',—a chield tall, slender and slim,
Yet a weel-faur'd like loon, 'tween his teens and his prime;
Like his mither, a favorite, 'mang the lasses were nane,
But proud, wi' the laddie a-flirtin' wad gane.

Wi' a son like her Jamie, wha promised sae fair,
Can we blame though her heart ga'e him mair than his share
O' affection and love?—Mind we a' ha'e oor ailin',—
I wish 'twere nae waur than sae *loving* a failin'.

And this was her weak point—ill she couldna conceive;
Though they whispered o' misdeeds, she wouldna believe!
Ah! black maun the child be love deems nae the brightest:
"Sae the rook thinks the birds o' its ain nest whitest!"

Lang 'twas designed he should be a minister made,
And the widow was proud when to college he gaed:
Proud that she, wi' her toilin', her eidence, and care,
Was able to skule him, though she kept hersel' bare.

She dree'd nae o' sorrows fast gatherin' around her,—
Love winked at his fauts, and the blindness still bound her;
And reports cam' hame sweetened wi' charity bland,
How the vice o' the city he couldna withstand!

Though she wondered at much, yet in patience she bore,
And though calls oft repeated had nigh wrecked her store,
She believed 'twas her duty sic hardships to thole,
That her boy might achieve to the pu'pit—the goal!

As in Autumn the leaves, ripe and mellow, are cast
Far astray from the trunks that are stript in the blast,

And the beauty which summer's rich bounty had left
Is ruthlessly squandered, and her gay treasure reft;

So does vice, when clad in vile pleasure's array,
Sweep industry's earnings remorseless away;
The keen frosts o' sin love nor kindness will spare,
But blight the heart's buds wi' o'erburdens o' care.

And the changes cam' thick, but they couldna renew
The joy o' the gone days—they had dwined doon to few;
The hoose had been bonded, and the widow, in debt,
Was behauden to friends for what comforts she 'd get.

As his children had run uncorrected in guilt,
On old Elie the good, heaven's anger was dealt,
So the widow, when old age enfeebling stole in,
Had to bear for her boy the neglectin' o' sin.

Yet speak ye o' Jamie, and the thochts ye wad raise
Keep her silent and dumb—still she *thinks* in his praise;
Gin ye chide—to her nature nae chidings belang—
'Twas a bad warld wrecked him—Jamie never did wrang!

If, then, in all some foolish frailty lives,
That paints the truth just as the heart believes,
May it not be some latent good is hid
Within our secret deeps, and which, to rid
Itself of some excrescent impressed part,
Lets forth some oozings from the surcharged heart:
Like as the bud, whate'er its fragrant worth,
Must burst before the floweret can come forth;
And so they yield—what they're designed to be—
The outer signs of what no eye can see—
The index to that inner range of soul,
That raises or demeans just as the goal
Presents to hope the more of earth or heaven,
Or as the clearer sight to faith is given?
But at the least, some goodly purposed aim
We may for every human frailty claim.

See this lone widow in her garret left,
Gone every stay, and even of comfort reft!
Long tried affections ever closer bide,
And suffering love will not permit to chide,
Then what could raise her mourning heart again,

Or what could better in her woe sustain,
Than thoughts that hover round her erring boy,
And yield for poignant grief a saddening joy?
Life's ebbing waves her cherished hope might take
Away, but yet, in *suffering* for his sake,
She finds a solace for her lonesome hours,
And prays with wingéd fervency, that soars
Importunate unto the throne of might,
That yet his footsteps may be led aright,
And ere life's mission to a close should come,
Her eyes should see the prodigal came home,
And in God's blessing, and his mother's, find
Abundant pleasure of a purer kind.

Or mark the man of long ancestral birth,
Whose fathers earned the honors of the earth;
Though he, poor man, on scanty fare may pine,
Yet will a noble mien his life entwine:
Just as the oak withstands for years the storm,
Though lightning's flash has stript its giant form,
And scant the leaflets which the springtime shed,
Yet still it rears on high its stately head.
So, though misfortune may have seared life's plan,
Pride—that haughty foible—sustains the man.

Or see the merchant prosperous in his walk,—
So firm his step, so pompous in his talk;
His ships, his warehouse, or his wealth endeared,
Not for themselves, but that 'twas *he* that reared
The stately fabric of a princely name—
His dream the bubble of commercial fame!
With cool, confiding pride he thinks no fall
Can come,—"Great *I* secure hath built it all!"
Then ruin, avalanched like tempest wild,
Finds him one moment fretting like a child;
But though a vestige scarce of wealth abide,—
His pennants sunk beneath the heaving tide—
The endless stores he brought from every land
Given to the keeping of another's hand,
Think you he'll loiter, listless and supine,
Nor to retrieve his fortune lost design?—
His foible renerves him for the strife,
Revives his energy, and quenches grief.
"I'll start afresh!—I'll work with might and main,—
What once was won may be achieved again!"
As the green willow by the wimpling stream
Uprears its head to meet day's golden beam,
And draws from every source,—from earth and air,

Feeds its lithe shoots luxuriant and fair;
But yet, though cut away its silvery stems,
With doubled life its luckless fate contemns,
And, scarcely checked, anew 'tis seen to sprout,
And shows increasing vigor in the root.
So with the merchant when misfortunes fall;—
His innate confidence of self is all
In all—his lack of modesty and grace,
That unto blatant hardihood gives place,
Conspires with iron will his loss to meet,
And thus at length he triumphs by conceit!—
At once the strength and weakness of the man,
That wins and yet destroys; for oh! to fan
Our energies to worldliness and pride,
And all the holier things of earth deride,
Were surely loss beyond our reckoning found,
And for sweet health to incite a festering wound.

Now, friends, I would not ye mistook my end,
Or that to foster follies I pretend;
To applaud the frailties of man's heart and soul,—
Subtract some part essential to the whole,
And yet esteem more perfect than before,

Were argument to foolishness given o'er;
To judge that that to me must be of use,
Which serves my friend, were logic's prime abuse;
Nay! all must coincide with nature's plan,—
Be part and parcel of, and *fit* the man;
And sitting thus so natural, we'll judge,
And yield them charity without a grudge.
Be this the lesson of my foolish rhyme:
To see strange things in others,—things that time
And season may not yet reveal the end,
But which some inward purpose may defend,
Unknown to us; and more, unheeding pelf,
May we think more of others,—less of self!
 But after all, although we think the best
Of frailties—foibles—and all the rest
Of littlenesses that we trace in man,—
E'en though we named them virtues in the plan
Of life, they can but serve for time;
Their good but reaches to that dreaded line
That life divides,—they have no power to save,—
They're owned by sense, and only edge the grave;
They cling to earth, and end beneath the ground;
For well we know there are no foibles beyond!

THE KIRK AND STATE.

A DIALOGUE.

ANDREW.—How are ye, John, and a' the folk at hame?
I hope you 're weel, and a' the lave the same?
JOHN.—I'm thankfu', sir; baith wife and weans are weel;
I met the bairns scamperin' noo to schule;
As for mysel', I scarcely ken what 'tis
To hae an ail, or what doon-sickness is.
AND.—Ye should indeed, then, be a happy chiel',
To whom ilk day brings nought but weel,—
Without a wae o'ercasting hame's sweet licht,
Frae Monday morning doon to Sunday nicht.
JOHN.—An' weel-a-wat, I really think I am—
Content and happy as the day is lang;
And I am gratefu', be it less or mair,
For a' the joys gi'en me and mine to share:
The thankfu' heart at a' times thankfu' is,
Be it in sickness or in health's full bliss.

AND.—Well done, John! I'm proud to hear ye c
Sae sage like, and glad to hear ye tak
Sae blithe a look at a' the cares o' life;—
Ye're wondrous changed, John, sin' ye gat a wife!

JOHN.—Weel, I maun own that there's an unco ch
Far greater than I dreamt o' that the range
O' my puir life o' toil had ever seen,
Or that a workman's plodding round could gi'en;
But changes now-a-days are unco rife,
And mony are the ups and downs o' life;
But 'mang them a', I really think the weel
By far outgrows the changes that bring ill;
For ilka year unfaulds a better time,
And bids us hope some future sweeter chime,
To ring for men a peal o' love owre a',
Can surely be nae very far awa.

AND.—Well done, my lad, ye do speak wondrou
And, prophet-like, bid black forebodin' flee;
I only wish that a' ye say comes true,
And that the changes gie nae cause to rue;
But 'mang the lave I think there's twa or three
Wha's doubtfu' good may gie us room to dree.

JOHN.—Indeed!—I ken o' nane;—what can they be
Wherein some grains o' doubtfu' gude ye see?
Amang the schemes reformers lang hae meant
To come wi' weight o' law frae Parliament,
There's nane that I would for an hour forego,
Or that, when come, would bring a single woe;
But men in a' points canna see like brithers—
For white to some is sooty black to ithers!

AND.—Perhaps yer richt,—it may be nearly true
That what seems wrang to me is richt to you;
But surely men wi' common sense might note
How mad to gie to *every* man a vote!
Just think a wee,—what maun the upshot be
O' trustin' votes to low clan-jafferie,
Wha's beild may be nae better than a stye,
An' fient a stick in owre the door forbye;—
The first o' woes, and biggest too, I fear—
The church—truth's bulwark—stormed within a year,
When ignorance, grown like Egyptian mirk,
Dings down the steeples o' the Irish kirk!

JOHN.—Hoot, Andrew, lad, ye're waxin' wroth, I see
Let nae your better sense gang aff a-gee;

Some folks are pleased to look asklent the truth,
And never see the need o' better proof
Than some sharp angles o' sectarian creed,
Or some ancestral notions run to seed.
I'm glad to think thae folk are getting few,
Wha haud the antiquated notion noo,
That men in governing power should share
Accordin' as they 're blessed wi' warldly gear,
That industry, and worth, and common sense
Should quail before the influence o' pence!

AND.—Ah! hooly, John; just tent yer wind awe
Ye bring conclusions rather fast, I see.
Gin common sense, and industry, and worth,
Were properties inherited at birth,
Then fient a word I 'd hae to interpose,
And there and then the argument foreclose;
But men to credit wi', baith worth and sense,
Wha hae nor ane nor ither, is an offence
Against the common gude; and sae I say,
That name should hae a vote wha canna pay;
But granting them the power o' serious thocht,
Like savage mind to some half tameness brocht;

Howe'er o' spiritual things they're needy,
Be sure sic folk o' sic things arena greedy!
JOHN.—Again, my lad, I'd hae ye wait a wee,
For that's accordin' as the case may be;
A vote is common gude,—for every ane,—
And fairly ought to be withheld frae nane.
In Christian love ae man's as gude 's anither,
And mair, for every ane 's the neist ane's brither;
In sic a case the lawfu' Christian plan
Is—raise a' to the standard Christian man!
AND.—Ou aye! that 's easier said than done, I fear,
For hearts debased 'tis ill towards gude to steer;
Improvement is a nag that 's slow to ca';
And meanwhile, John, the kirk gangs to the wa';
And then waes me for Bible law and richt,
When, quenched the glorious torch o' gospel licht,
Sceptred error rides triumphant in,
And gi'es the reins to wickedness and sin!
Our country, John, is sure to rue the hour
When truth finds nae protection in her power.
JOHN.—Nonsense!—it is a misconception a'
To say that truth needs ony prop frae law!

For truth, be it expressed in word or deed,
In doctrine special, or in rite or creed,
Needs but the favored soil wherein to grow,
And then, by God's ain Spirit fanned, 'twill blow
Sweet as the flowers that ope 'neath summer skies,
For truth is holy seed from Paradise.

AND.—I quite agree, John, truth's a power,
Sufficient for the charge o' every hour;
But what I say is this: that truth needs help,
To keep in check and gie to *wrang* a skelp;
Nae but that truth can stand erect alane,
If that to thwart its precepts there come nane;
But gin dark error ere becloud the licht,
And deluge a' the land wi' torrent's micht,
Then, John, then 's the glorious fitting hour
To uphold truth's bulwark wi' a nation's power!

JOHN.—Oh! man, I wonder how ye can permit
Sic sophistry across yer brain to flit!
Do ye no see how bad the logic is
That says of truth, baith power and frailty 'tis,—
Wi' power to stand triumphant over a',
Yet fearin' error drivin't to the wa'?

No, no; let error come like torrent fell,
The strongest dam-dyke, sir, is truth itsel'!
AND.—Oh! John; but dinna try to misconstrue
How we distinguish between fause and true;
But for to mak my notion unco plain,
Just turn ye to the Irish kirk again;
Think o' puir Ireland's state forlorn,
When frae her a' her ancient aids are torn,
And, a' her trusted backin' reft away?
She's left to swim the tide as best she may;
How can she hope the tempest to outride,
When Papal superstition's rolling tide
Finds her in plight disarméd for the fray,
Like ship that sent unballasted away.
Ah! Gladstone's foolish act will seal her doom,
And gie to cunning Rome mair elbow room,
And then, when she her en'mies' weakness feels,
'Twill be an easy job to trip her heels!
JOHN.—Ye mind me o' the mason, man,
Wha built a hoose that couldna stan',
And, dreading that it doon micht fa',
Trembled to take his props awa!

AND.—And ye, I think, are like the folk
That gat a biggin' like a rock,
And thinkin' it would hang in air,
Dug out the foonds it couldna spare!
JOHN.—Oh! dinna fear ye, Andrew lad,
The foonds o' truth are never bad;
Nor can they be removed at will,
Though tried by a' the powers o' ill.
Mind ye the foond the apostle gae?—
Nae ither foond the kirk should hae;
And gin auld Ireland 's laid her's there,
Though reft a' else, she needna fear.
AND.—Fear!—no!—God will protect His ain,
And re-assert her richts again;
They may awhile defy His law,
And doon His sacred steeples ca',
But, by my fegs! some day will tell,
How on the land His vengeance fell,
When for the licht that He would gie,
Thick Papal darkness men will see!
JOHN.—Just let me show you your mistake;—
Ye fear that men will truth forsake,

Unless 'tis backed up by the state,
Or by the wealthy and the great,
Forgetfu' o' the Power that wields
The destiny o' a', and shields
His holy cause in times o' harm,
Without the help o' princes' arm.

And.—It isna ill, gin ane but tries,
To see wherein *your* error lies:
All power must be derived of God,
And all authority bestowed
By Him; by Him do princes reign,
And magistrates inflict the pain
And penalty o' law; and life
Shows it in parent, husband, wife,
When they exact restraining power
On froward youth till manhood's hour;
And if such powers are gifts o' heaven,
Should not their strength to God be given,—
The sceptre and the official rod
Become defenders of the cause of God?

John.—Nay! for the sceptre and the rod
Are held by men whose thoughts of God,

And duty to His laws on earth,
Are varied as the floweret's birth;
And hence 'tis neither truth nor faith
Which they defend; but what each *saith*
Is such, although the basest lie
It were, or ritualed phantasy.

AND.—Ye surely dinna mean to say
Our country keeps the truth at bay,
Because, established in her might,
She keeps the gospel beacon bright,—
For a' provides salvation pure,
And gies, t' uphold, a portion sure;
'Tis noble rather thus to lend
Towards gude a nation's power—defend
The means o' grace 'gainst every foe,
And succor gie in times o' woe!

JOHN.—Ah! yes; but see the risks, how great,
That falsehood they for truth mistake,
And thus establish wrong by law,—
Fix halters on the minds o' a',
To drag them to some fancied goal
Of uniformity of soul!

AND.—Well, surely 'twere a righteous aim,
To bring a' men to think the same,—
Concerning such a vital point
To find none thinking out of joint;
Then were indeed millennial times,
When heart with heart make holy chimes.

JOHN.—That were indeed a pleasant dream,
That likely never can be seen,
Until has come that time o' peace
When mental differences will cease,
And each one seeing eye to eye,
A' doubtful doctrines hence will fly;
Meanwhile, how great a barrier this
To such prophetic times o' bliss?
How can men's aspiration fly
To grasp their heaven-meant destiny,
When, added to earth's grosser things,
Is brought the influence o' kings,
And fluent statesmen gravely plead
The fancied interests o' creed,
Nor heed the precept, Bible-sown,
That each man's conscience is his own?

AND.—Oh! stop a wee, nor run sae fast!
Ye crack as gin a' gude were cast
Aside within the auld kirk's door,
Or flew its lofty steeples o'er;
Forgetfu' o' how aft a sense
O' fervid, grace-filled eloquence
Has frae its hallowed pu'pits rung,
In times when every other tongue
Was hush'd, and not a voice to raise
The worship o' the Master's praise.
JOHN.—Nay! never let us seek to hold,
With spirit jealous, mean, and cold,
Back from the church its mete o' praise
For labors done in other days,
Nor, sectish like, refuse to say
She yet upholds the torch to-day;
But here it is the danger lies,
When kirk and state have binding ties:
When he 's alane, the tousy tyke
Thinks nae o' louping o'er the dyke,
But sleekit down the road wi' steal,
Quietly at his master's heel;

But let some other rantin' dog
Come snuffing wi' a cockit lug,
Then is mischief sure to flow,
As, hurly-burly, off they go;
Sae 'tis, I think, wi' kirk and state:
Together they do mischief great,
But separate, ilka ane would feel
They'd sooner do their wark, and weel.

AND.—I think 'twere better sense to say
That 'twas a mutual help they gae,
Each strivin' for the country's gude,
To praise the leal and quell the proud;
While states protect frae carpin' care
Those of the flock who shepherds are,
The church is scatterin' love abroad,
And people keep in virtue's road.

JOHN.—Mutual help!—that were indeed
A virtue, gin a' men in creed
Saw eye to eye—were a' agreed;
But that a-wanting, lang 'twill seem
That mutual help is but a dream!
How has it caused, in other times,

In other lands, and other climes,
God's hallowed saints saut tears to shed,
When kings stood as the church's head?
Or when the churchman sought to wield
The sceptre Caesar's hands had held!
Think of the Moslem's charging-word—
"Choose ye the koran or the sword!"
Or think of long-benighted Spain,
Where state-craft bound the church's chain
Around the nurtured mind of youth,
And fettered freedom, thought, and truth;
Or think how Rome on every shore
Taught the wide world in days of yore,
But now, when joined her church and state,
Repels the truth beyond her gate;
Or come a little nearer hame,
You'll find the story much the same!
Think how King Jamie tried to cram
Down Scotland's throat religion's sham,
When his wise noddle fain would see
A ceremonious liturgy;
But pluck and Jenny Geddes' stool



Saved Scotland's soul frae England's fool!
Then hist'ry tells how that the game
Was owre the border played the same,
When twa thousand had to flee,
Hunted for nonconformity!—
That's the provision frae the state,—
The pay for bowin' to the great!—
And wow! but 'tis a dainty crust
That's to be got frae princes' trust.

AND.—But that's just ae side o' the point,
And while I own it out o' joint
A wee, yet there's another side
That will investigation bide;
There's scarce a chield but has his foes,
Nor yet a gude but has its woes,
Yet to the kirk upon the whole
The country's gi'en a princely dole,
Though I confess I fain wad see
It shared wi' greater equity;
But as the evils are but sma'
Wherein nae gude is found at a',
Sae is it here—they are a prize

To dazzle clever churchmen's eyes,
And eig the slow-inclined to rise
And ope their hearts, and see, and feel
How the world wags, atweel,—
Out a' their latent powers to draw,
And keep the growth o' sloth awa'.
JOHN.—Your diagnosis isna bad,
But ye mistake the med'cine, lad!
As sure as men maun grow frae youth,
Sae are they sure to wax in sloth,
Gin there's nae power to keep them right,
And haud them to their duty tight.
Gin ye wad spoil the kirk, and then
Destroy the best o' clergymen,—
Reduce them to a sorry pack,—
Just bind their stipends to their back!—
Aye! fain would human nature hae
The shortest road its gate to gae;
Then wha wad blame when bishops' crooks
The sonsiest wale o' plunder hooks,
And to their half-starved curates dole
Nae mair than weights to earth their soul!
My certie! but they need a prize,

For fear the hope they live on dies;
For oh! 'tis sad wi' life to cope,
When men hae once outlived their hope.
ANDREW.—'Tis strange indeed that sic a wrang
Should on folk sae holy hang;
But since 'tis owre the border seen,
Let's thankfu' be Tweed rows between,
To separate and keep at bay
Far frae our better northern way!
JOHN.—And thankfu' too for what has been,—
That Ireland's kirk is purged clean,—
Nae langer for its head the throne,
But a' her trust in God alone;
And wish her cup o' blessings fu',
And leaders gi'en her tried and true;
Wi' ilka shepherd o' the flock
Beloved and loving 'mang their folk,—
Respected for their Master's sake,
And for the joyful news they break;
Without a thought to cause them fear
The carpin' dread o' future care;
And their's a' joysomeness, and rife
The cosy comfortings o' life,

A' gi'en wi' hearty, generous glee,
By people blood-redeemed and free!
And.—If that's the spirit o' the men
Whom we as "voluntaries" ken,
It were, indeed, the best o' fates,
That kirks should be cut off frae states;
For hearts wi' principles that claim,
As tribute to the Saviour's name,
A full provision for His cause,
To aid and propagate His laws,
Acknowledging the law of heaven,
In giving as the Lord has given!
In hands like these the kirk is sure,
For faith so strong and love so pure
Must share God's blessing, and endure.
John.—'Tis bravely said, sir,—bravely said,—
I trust ye'll in their footsteps tread,
And own yersel', full, frank, and free,
A thorough-going voluntary!—
For times are coming—coming fast—
When state-forged fetters will be cast
Away, and then the kirk will stand
Gloriously free within the land!

AND.—Amen, say I, so let it be;
And as we now in Ireland see
A kirk frae a' state trammels free,
'Twill be a work o' shorter years,
To find experimental fears
Hae been dispelled in dreams and air,
Wi' her example tried sae fair.
I wish her weel, for now I see
Love gies the truest liberty;
Love binds a' men in common cause,
To honor wise and righteous laws;
And surely kirks on strength may count
When love in men reigns paramount;
But now, gude nicht,—I maun gae hame,
And let the kirk and state alane;
We 'll hae to meet some ither nicht,
And faith confirm wi' further licht!

JOHN.—Aweel, gude nicht,—I'll sune be back,
And hae owre passin' things a crack;
We hae new interests now to note,
Ye ken, since we hae got a vote,
And sae maun strive wi' a' our micht
To keep baith kirk and state aricht!

A UNION QUESTION.

A DIALOGUE.

TAM.—O dear me, John, can't be that that 's yer
Hoo 's a' wi' ye, man?—I scarce can tell
Hoo lang a time it 's since I saw ye last—
I'm sure It maun be 'maist a twal'month past!

JOHN.—I'm unco weel indeed, Tam,—just as weel
As lanely folk like me can hope to feel!
Life runs but unco cauld noo at the best,
E'er since my good auld mither lay at rest!

TAM.—Aye, aye, John, that sincerely I believe,
And deeply sympathize in a' yer grief;
And yet what comfort has been left to them
Wha will their Faither's promised blessing claim;
We hae His promise, John, that there are nane,
Whom He bereaves, wha 're left in tears alane:
Unto His ain He sends afflictions fell,
But a' the blanks He maks He fills Himsel';
O' a' made lanely, surely there are nane

Wha's bye-gane days were ever *less* alane.
And nae a mourner, gin they 'd tak what 's gi'en,
But surer solace get than e'er afore they 've seen.
JOHN.—Ou aye, frien' Tam, weel do I ken a' that,
For aft I've read it; yet like a loon I've grat
In spite o' a' the comfort kindly gi'en
By neebour or by frien', or frae between
The first and last recorded in "the Book;"
The heart aye seems to seek the darkest neuk,
And shuns the licht o' sanctified relief,
As gin 'twere maist rebellious, Tam, in grief!
TAM.—Yes, yes! John, weel do I ken yer richt,
For grief at first is dark as eerie nicht;
The heart shuns solace as the licht o' day,
When steals the mirk owre gloamin's glimmerin' ray,
Yet, John, why should we follow after gloom,
And foster feelings kindled at the tomb?—
Love never dies!—grief only saddens joy,—
Affliction 's but a drop of sanctified alloy!—
An hour misfortune's sooty touch begrimes,
But gladness aye comes uppermost betimes!
As when the ragin' storm sweeps o'er the plain,

The willows bend, and rise erect again;
So should the heart, beneath affliction's stroke,
Bend reverent to His will before 'tis broke.

JOHN.—Aye! that's the spirit that resists our we
And hands agen the heart's desponding throes;
But och hone! Tam, we 're unco strong, we think,
Until the trial comes—and then we sink!
But, man, it 's awfu' lanely noo at hame,
And yet in a' respects it is the same;
There 's nae a stool nor chair that I wad change,
Nor feint a dud I 'd let them disarrange;
And yet a *toomness* overhangs it a',
That tells how worthless gear when life 's awa:
The time that 's gane 's been bad enough; but noo,
For time to come, I ken nae what to do!

TAM.—'Deed, John, I ken nae weel what course is
Sometimes they comfort maist wha speak the least!
The heart finds solace when glibe tongues gie nane
And soon rebound to joy when left alane.

JOHN.—Weel, I believe that that is really true;
For when the last sad duties a' were through,
And I gaed toddlin' mournfu' to my hame,

I felt an eerieness I canna name;
And when I steek'd the door, and thraw't the key,
It seemed as gin I'd barred the warld frae me;
The fire was deein',—and I let it dee,
That no ae thing o' life should near me be;
But as I sat and pondered on the past,
On a' His mercies gi'en frae first to last,
New hope within my droopin' bosom sprang,
And I grew fell nief and licht ere lang!

TAM.—That's aye the way, nor is it hard to gie
A reason fair in gude philosophy:
Ye ken that nature hates a vacuum,
And sae can never let the heart be *toom*,
And when ae darling object 's ta'en awa',
She kindly fills its room wi' ither twa!

JOHN.—I micht allow that in a general way,
And own that sorrow lessens day by day;
Because the wounds in our affections made
Get healed betimes, and feeling staid;
But you 're, I think, a lang way mair perceese,
And condescend to mair than my e'en sees.
What mean ye, Tam, when love is riven awa,

When ye 'd supply the room o' ane wi' twa?
For by the pawky glimmer o' yer e'e,
I doubt the allusion 's mair than simile!

TAM.—I just mean this,—what chields in plight like
Are almost sure in time to find out true:
That while our mithers hang in memory fain,
Our love 's diverted unto *wife* and *wean!*
'Tis fact!—I'm literally richt, ye see,
And I assert 'tis true philosophy;
For when life's barbèd troubles sting wi' pain,
The cure for grief is just to love again!

JOHN.—Love again!—how can I love again?—
Love's silver chord now only chimes in pain!
Ye little ken, Tam, how my life 's been spent;—
I lived for her—nae other joy I kent;
She lo'ed me weel, and sair I wrought for her;
But noo I've naething worth the working for!

TAM.—Man, John, that's just the very thing I me
Your feelings are the best o' argument;
Just see,—the chield that lo'ed sae weel his mither
Is sure to lo'e wi' kindly heart anither;
Tak my advice, and ere the winter passes,
Seek ye some comfort 'mang the winsome lasses!

JOHN.—Gae wa', man, Tam, and dinna mock my grief,
As gin sic haverin' could gie me relief;
Na, na! the world doesna haud anither
Wha's fit to fill the shoon o' my auld mither!

TAM.—Just bide a wee, my man,—just bide a wee,
And gin in time ye dinna 'gree wi' me,
My name's nae Tammas; mind I ken fu' weel
What 'tis to mourn, and hae o' grief my fill;
I too, like you, ance lost a sainted mither,
And thocht the warld like her had ne'er anither;
But soon the gritness o' my grief gat smooth,
And my cauld bosom warmed again to love;
A chield that's friendless, beildless, and alane,
May say that in the warld a hame has nane;
For hame's nae hame when wanting ane or ither,
A sonsy wife, or else a loving mither!

JOHN.—I own there is some sense in what ye say,
For "fill again" drives emptiness away;
But, then, to prove the puddin' we maun pree 't,
And ere we pree we maun rive aff a screed;
But gin it doesna stand the preein' test,
We can neither mend nor sell the pest!—

Gude nicht, Tam,—gude nicht; I maun awa',
For fear my wit clean out o' head ye ca';
While half constrained to own yer reasoning true,
I'm laith to be converted through and through!
TAM.—Hoots, John, what 's a' yer haste?—tak time a wee,
Afore ye satisfy yersel' and me;
To run awa', nor settle what to do,
Wad mak our counsel vain—that winna do;—
Ne'er hesitate to do whate'er is richt,
And do 't in earnest, John,—wi' a' yer micht!
A chield like you to spend the flower o' life,
And wither a' yer days without a wife!
Fie, man! for shame! yer silly course forgae,
Nor be a coof—but that, I ken, yer nae!
JOHN.—Losh, keep your temper, Tam, ye 're surely gyte;
For first ye flatter weel, and neist ye flyte;
But after a', Tam, layin' a' jokin' by,
Gin I resolve to do't—or rather try;
For, man, I am sae awfu' *green* a chiel',
I really ken nae hoo to do't, atweel,—
Maybe ye'll gie 's a gentle hint or twa,

Hoo I may wale the pick amang than a'!
I ken nae *whaur* to gang, nor *how* to gang,
Nor whatna speech or gate be richt or wrang!
TAM.—Hoots, John, ne'er let sic nonsense fash yer thoomb,
Or gie sic trifles in yer noodle room;
Just ye resolve that sic a thing shall be,
And then 'twill a' unravel easily;
Gin ance ye mak the start, the rest will speel,
As smooth and quiet as thread frae aff a reel!—
A' rows, as summer brings the pears and plums,
Ane after ither, till the climax comes!—
'Twas surely courtship, Tam, that Darwin meant,
When he conceived his notion o' development!
JOHN.—Weel, Tam, I'll offer na mair catterthraws,
But let ye triumph in yer well fought cause;
Firstly, be it resolved, in sax months' span,
To gie some decent lass a decent man;
Secondly—but heads twa, three and four,
Are in the meantime rather premature.
TAM.—Ye 're far enough!—het haste owershoots the mark!

Ye hae dune weel!—'tis ae nicht's glorious wark;
A thing resolved on is a'maist half dune,
Sae gang and finish what 's sae weel begun.
JOHN.—I'd rather like to hear ye sae awa',
Whare's best to seek—amang the douse or braw?
Amang the canty spirits or the grave?
Or wha's maist like to ca' me fool or knave?
For women are sae little kent to me,
I feel as gaun on a discovery!
TAM.—And sae ye are,—and ye'll discover mair
Than e'er ye dream't o' in your hame-wit lear';
And yet I doubt nae, gang ye whaur ye will,
That ye'll discover mair o' gude than ill.
JOHN.—Aye; but whaur, Tam, whaur; whaur c
steer my fit!
And hoo, Tam, hoo,—that is the curious bit!
TAM.—'Mang a' the chields I ken, ye hear the be
For common sense—just seek ane like yersel';
Ye are yersel' baith pattern and guide,
That's sure to lead ye weel, whate'er betide;
The fient a fear but that the day 'll reveal
Like draws to like, gin wit drives round the wheel.

JOHN.—Ye may craw crouse, wha 're through the harns
langsyne;
But as for me, my mither-wit may tyne,
And leave me hirplin' in a helpless mess,
Inglorious chained to some puir trachlin' Bess.
TAM.—Gie a' sic drawlin' nonsense leave to quit,
And snap yer thoombs at ilka fear like that!—
Mind yer resolve, and as to hoo or whaur,
Could ye do mair than look out whaur ye are?
Here 's lasses by the score, a' gude and true,
And just as willin' as they 're good, I trow;
And what wad ail frae sic a fragrant pose,
But that ye try to wale ae beauteous rose?
And gin ye get a kindly blink frae ane,
I'se warrant ye'se get an introduction sune!
JOHN.—Ha, ha, frien' Tam, ye are a crafty chiel',
Yet nae sae crafty as yer bauld, atweel;
What need ye spoken that afore sae mony,
Whase dazzling e'en and smiling looks sae bonnie
'Maist gars a bashfu' chiel' loup frae his skin,—
Ye micht at least hae harkit quietly in.
TAM.—Hoots, John, o' gude deeds never be ashamed;

I've only tell't a wee afore the kirk "proclaim 't"!
Noo, lasses, gin ye ken nae my frien' John,
I tell ye nocht but gudeness ever shone
In a' his ways,—he is a perfect prize,
Sae mark him for yer ain afore ye rise;
And gin ye win his kind protection,
I'm sure ye 'll bless our UNION QUESTION.

JOHN.—And a' ye backward, bashfu' chiel's like me,
Wha frae the queans like moudiworts wad flee,
Gin ye will meet us when a towmont 's spent,
I 'll tell ye truly whether I repent;
For you I 'll prove the truth o' Tam's assertion,
That only gude come's frae this UNION QUESTION.

THOUGHT.*

I'M glad to see so many happy faces,
Such beauty, too, so richly clad with graces;
But whence this fuss,—this happy flow of humor?
It cannot be—(as says the slanderer, Rumor,)—
They're some old maids who love their tea!—O fie!
Or some gay sparks who wish to speechify!
That can't be true,—let rather the reverse be told,—
Our ladies are too good to stand, as maids, till old!
I'm sure it is so!—neither can it be,
Our meeting is a hobby-horse of vanity.
And yet there is a fuss; here's tea, and sweets;
Here's happy song; and here around us creeps
Warmth from bright eyes; and more, *we* dare, you see,
In impudence emerge from quiet obscurity,
And would inflict on our assembled friends,

* An address at a complimentary entertainment given by the Young Men's Christian Association, Perth, Scotland, to Mr. John Macreath, Secretary, on the occasion of his leaving for India.—Feb., 1863.

The thoughts that from *our* muddled brain ascen
But *whence* the fuss?—from reality dost spring,
Or is it only "much ado 'bout nothing?"—
Just let us whisper that we're planting seeds.
From which we hope in time to harvest deeds;
And as our labors have a noble aim,
Though weak and feeble, yet respect they claim;
Then may we say we've warrant for our fuss,
And claim your ear while we attention press.

Now, ere our thoughts in right array are set,
Let's ask in what capacity we've met?
We're brethren, banded in a noble cause,—
To seek extension to our Master's laws.
Another object is,—with might and main
To welcome back our well loved friend again;
Yet, short-lived the gladness of our greeting,
For, truth to say, this is a *parting meeting!*—
We've met, but part to-night; and who can tell
What strange mishaps the future may reveal?
But of the past alone we judge, and few
Deserve more honour,—to him is honor due;

Then while we greet him, let us freely bless,
And, parted, may he ever onward press,
Toward that high mark that's manhood's noblest aim,
To know and shelter in his Saviour's name;
That, resting on the one foundation sure,
All good things else be added to his store!
But lest you may of flattery impeach,
I unto Thought will limit all my speech.

Our minds are like the flow'rets of the field,
Or like the leaves the spreading branches yield,
Or clothing of the meadow and the hill,
The snow-cloud's flake, or pebbles of the rill:
Search each and all, there's nothing you can name
Twins in their form,—in every point the same;
So are our thoughts,—they're many-sided things;
For in whatever path they plume their wings,
A devious flight they hold,—go round and round
The *pros* and *cons* with which all subjects 'bound.
They are the gentle breathings of the soul,
And list the story of a nobler goal
Than sense could ere aspire to; they're the link

By which we hang to heaven; else would we sink
As fetter'd unto earth when thought is chained,
Or will not rise that nobler things be gained;
Thought frees the soul, and makes it long for joy
Joy everlasting, and without alloy.

Now, look around—in every face is seen a smile
We argue, then, that happiness may live a while;
It lives to-night,—we've thrown our cares behind,
And pleasure seek;—but let us ever mind,
Joys of to-day real and substantial seem;
Those of the past live but in hazy dream;
Those of the morrow, lit with hope's bright ray,
Will dawn and die as those of yesterday;
But thought still hearkens there is more to come,
More true and fadeless, when is reached our home
Yea, thought 's triumphant over every pain;
In thought we live the hoary passed again;
In thought we give the golden future birth,
And grasp the eternal joys that's waiting earth;
Thus thought the heart with sweetest balm can fill
Makes it superior unto every ill.

Thus when, amid the calm of summer eves,
We watch the aspen's trembling silver leaves,
Thought makes them tiny spirits, doom'd to be
In bonds, yet nobly struggling to be free;
And ever from the stem some leaflets fly,
And flutter to the ground,—then calmly lie,
Forsaken,—sear'd by Autumn's sapless breath,
Their freedom gain'd, but liberty is death;
So, too, I've stood beside the bed of death,
And watched the last faint flutterings of the breath
Of life, and marked the red tints come and go
Upon the pallid cheek, as ebb and flow
The gentle wavelets of expiring strength;
Flick'ring as if the spirit were at length
Impatient to be gone, and yet were loth
To leave its old home, where its youth
On earth had pass'd; would go, and yet return,—
Renew the kisses of its love,—till borne
In joy and triumph to its home in heaven.
Ay, in joy! for it seemed as if were given
Such sight of glory to the parting twain,
That bliss expectant triumphed over pain,

And such a smile lit up the lifeless clay,
That death seemed peering into endless day;
It mocked the gushing tears around the bed;
For smiles can never live where hope is dead!
Then thought suggested:—Death, thou art a better
Than man would deem thee; thou dost not end
The blessings of a life, but rather dost defend
Those better blessings wherein life must end,—
A sacred guard, lest wickedness intrude
To mar the joys provided for the good!
'Tis true, Death turns our love to parting pain,
But Death *unites* the loving hearts again!
Yea, when the world has twined around the heart,
And present pleasures form a chain to part
Too strong for human nerve,—when *blunted* thoug
Has dimmed the coming glory, then, unsought,
Death sends premonitors—disease and pain,
And hints of better things, which we refrain
From pondering,—dreaded because unseen,
Doubted because the senses cannot glean
Their pleasures for the passing moment's joy,
Nor draw them hence to give to grief alloy;

Death, like a friend, keeps us in memory still,
And urges blessings on us, spite our will.

As hunter keen, intent upon the prey,
O'er moor and mountain holds his reckless way;
The chase, it leads him to the mountain's brow,
Where deep and awful chasms yawn below.
Through the thin foliage which the autumn wears,
The half-hid gulf a fearful aspect bears;
But as sin's depths are hid in pleasure's bowers,
The brink 's concealed amid the gay-robed flowers!
With headlong pace the rushing steed comes on;
Nor dreads he danger where such beauty shone,
Till reached the point where spreading vales are seen,
With giddy horror in the height between!
Another bound—another onward leap
Must hurl them from the cloud-embracing steep!
Quick as the lightnings from the storm clouds roll,
Swift as thought flashes through the living soul,
The sense of danger rushes o'er the mind,
And calls that thought should instant rescue find.
Impulse, made by wild desperation strong,

Gives forth a strength that unto gods belong.
And drags the steed, from fell destruction barred
Backwards in safety rolling on the sward!
Thus man makes life the hunting-ground of joys;
Thought says 'tis false, that pleasure life destroys
Whispers the folly of the chase which spends
Its noblest works on unsubstantial ends;
Thought hints how dangers in their revels lie,
Shows hope the prospect of eternity;
Then grace upholds it,—gives the heart its force,
Urging our eager steps the heavenward course,
Breaks up new fountains, whence, in streams unto
Burst forth new joys which sense could ne'er unfo
Reveals the future in a golden light,
And makes life's eve, as summer sunset, bright.

To sum up all, we say that thought has power,
Upholds to-day,—fits for each coming hour;
It is the medium that our hopes employ,
To draw from outward grief an inward joy.
'Tis cautious thought we need, all wise ones say,
To brace us for each contest of the day;



For work, and wealth, yea, all that's sold or bought,
Are aided, guarded, every hour by thought!
We traverse worlds in thought, and even space
Can raise no barriers to its wingèd race;
But do you own this truth?—then do I crave,
That we go with our friend across the wave;
And as the flow'rets their sweet fragrance shed,
Our thoughts will, blessing, hover o'er his head;
And as for him, we know this night has wrought
Deep indentations in his world of thought;
Then westward may he urge his fancy's flight,
And oft recall the honors of to-night.

A CONFAB ANENT FAME.*

A DIALOGUE.

N. —COME awa', Doctor.—I'm glad to see ye, man,
To hae a cosy crack on life's great plan.
Just sit ye doon,—it 's gude, ye ken, for friends
At unco times to air their aims and ends,—
It 's gude sometimes to counsel ane anither;—
We hae nae noo the counsel o' our mither!

* It is with considerable misgiving that the following dialogue has been included in this volume. It may be that, having served the end for which it was written, and especially because, in the characters represented, there may appear to be an undue liberty taken with the names of men who have passed away, and left the halo of popularity and many of the characteristics of true greatness and usefulness around their memory, it might be better to give no permanency to what was at first only of local or transient interest. But on the other hand, the circumstances that first incited to writing have increased greatly of late years. What these circumstances were it may be appropriate to mention. The writer and his family were passing a short summer vacation in a Scottish village, and on the Sabbath attended the parish church, where the officiating clergyman made such frequent

L.—Na, na!—we left them lang, lang syne,
Though I 've had aften eerie thochts to tyne
The counsel o' the gude auld decent bodies.
How they 'd now stare at what we reckon duties!
But their auld-fashioned notions wadna do

use of expressions borrowed from the Episcopal Church service—which, however beautiful in their own connection, seemed most incongruous and out of place when introduced amid the grandly severe austerity usually observed in the form of worship of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland—that the conviction was forced upon the mind that there was either a desire for a ritual which was foreign to the spirit of worship in his own church, or an evident pandering to the presence of the aristocratic lairds who occupied prominent pews in the front gallery, but whose usual place of attendance was the Episcopal Church of the neighboring city. About the same time the Rev. Dr. Lee of Edinburgh was advocating the introduction of a liturgy in worship, and the Rev. Dr. Norman M'Leod made some speeches in the Glasgow Presbytery which, to say the least, were indiscreet, and raised considerable commotion. These, and such like influences, seem to be producing their fruit in recent years, and are seen in the many changes coming over the Scottish churches, which, in the opinion of many equally good and staunch in their desire for the sacred interests of Scotland and her churches, are of questionable propriety, and likely to lead to still farther innovation and defection. The author therefore deems it desirable to give the dialogue a place.

In modern days, and sae we maun forego
Time-honored things;—they 're gude, but 'tis the new
That raises chields up 'mang the honored few.
N.—Ye 're richt;—gin we 're to shine amang the crew,
We aye maun try to flash out something new!
And I wad like to whisper in your ear,
In this quiet neuk whare nane can hear,
What I 've been thinkin' o' this month or twa—
The wildest thochts that ere ye saw!
L.—Saw, Doctor, saw!—Man, wha ere saw a thocht!
Ye 've surely tint the little sense ye brocht
Frae out the manse amang the hieland hills;—
Ye micht as sune say that we see our wills!
N.—No just sae fast!—does that yer senses ding?
Man, great geniuses like us say onything!
And wha daur say that we are wrang,
Though owre the score in gift o' gab we gang?
Base common things are just for common men;
Extraordinar' things are ours,—we are extraordinar', then!
Man, there 's a hunder things that I could name,
That I 'd gar folks believe by weight o' fame!
An' aince I 'm lifted to the temple's head,

Wha wad misdoubt what Doctor Norman said?
Man, gie 's a name, and then wad folk forgie 's,
Though I declared the mune a Han'sel-Monday cheese!
L.—Aweel, aweel,—I do believe it true;—
The feck o folk are but a gomeral crew,
Wha winna fash, but by the nose are led,
And get at second-hand their noddles fed.
N.—That 's just as true as truth itsel',
As ony hair-brained gouk micht tell;
But that 's our makin', man, for genius aye
Should mak their weaker brethren's frailties pay;
Sae tak my word for 't, my dear Doctor Lee,
Gin ye 'd be famous, tak yer cue frae me;
I 've studied nature weel, and nature's plan,
Gin worked upon, is sure to mak the man.
L.—Oh! Doctor, what a genius!—wha 'd hae thocht
Sic genius frae the hielands could been brocht;
But tell me o' your schemes to win a name,
For I wad like to share your wondrous fame.
N.—First I wad tell ye o' a wondrous dream
I had lang ere I left my boyhood's hame:—
I, prophet-like, stood high amang the cluds,

And saw creation's elemental thuds;
And as I looked, behold! a world appeared,
That eastward moved, while angel voices cheere
Then westward hied the pond'rous globe,
And then to south, enwrapped in misty robe.
It seemed to seek a resting spot in space;
But fient a power could fix it to a place!
But presently I saw it northward come,
And towards me move, and wi' 't a bum
O' angels' wings!—they seemed dejected noo,
As gin their errand's upshot made them rue;
But as it neared me, I held in my breath,
And clutched it firm and fast—for verra death!
Then cheer on cheer arose, and ilk ane gae 't a b
And aye sin syne it 's rolled,—our wondrous war
But oh! the din!—'twas mair than I can tell o'!
I waukened, for my head rowed aff the pillow.

L.—How queer!—it is indeed a wondrous dre
What think ye micht the interpretation mean?

N.—Interpretation!—that 's as clear as day;—
Nor is fulfilment very far away;
I'm sure ye micht wi' a' your learning tell;—
Though I 'm nae prophet, I see through 't mysel

L.—O! me! I ken nae what the warld to say,
And yet 'tis strange,—it maun a meaning hae!
N.—I wonder at ye, Doctor,—'tis sae clear
That men o' sense like you need hardly speer;
But I will tell ye:—Think the warld I saw
To be the warlds o' mind, baith great and sma',
And that, as ane rose greater than the lave,
To him the bumlle special reverence gave;
And sae, if 'twas in east or west he rose,
In that direction aff the hail warld goes!
But nane had power to keep the bummin' bee
Till it cam northward—then it stack to me!
L.—That 's just the thing!—the interpretation 's clear,
And pictures out your ain life's proud career;
And its fulfilment, too, seems close at han';
But that 's sma' wonder—sic a gifted man!
N.—It 's helped me greatly through a' life's affrays;
For it has been my day-star a' my days;
But noo, I 'll tell ye how I work my cards:
The *principle* is this: that men, be 't lairds
Or lords, or be they but the common breed,
Hae a' about an average sense o' creed:

That is, while there 's a wheen amang the Free,
And ane at least—a Berwickshire U. P.,
Wha are, we maun confess, rare gifted men—
A'maist as gude 's oursel's!—they dinna ken
Whareby to find out nature's saftest side,
And gar their stars in the ascendant bide.
Thae folks are far owre tender-conscienced men,
And split the hairs 'tween richt and wrang, ye ken
As for the lave, they 're like the towsy tyke,
Aye better pleased when getting what they like;
And gie them it,—the scripture plan is best,—
"Be wise as serpents"—I winna quote the rest!—
And sae, whare'er ye find the lang-faced crew
Upon the people try to put the screw,
Let us declare, "We 're freer than the Free,"
And eke mair tether to their liberty!
Example, man:—'twas but the ither year,
To spite the chields I took to praisin' beer!
And then, to mock their saintly Sabbath crack,
I up and gae the Decalogue a whack!
My eye! ilk reverent tongue became a dirk,
Frae Johnny Groat's house down to Maidenkirk!

L.—My certie! but your plan is wondrous rare,—
A perfect phalanx o' cute warldly lear',
Displayin' study o' the human heart
That fa's but seldom to an auld kirker's part!
I'll reel my thochts, and see what I can do
To get an India-rubber conscience too!

N.—It 's the maist convenient thing in life,
And saves a warld o' bother, care, and strife;
Forby, it gi'es a wondrous power to please,—
Spares us the fash, and gi'es to ithers ease.
There just was ance I thocht it played me wrang,
But then, ane kens nae whaur their senses gang
At times; sae at the fierce Disruption tide,
At first I spake upon the pop'lar side;
But when expected kirk and manse to flee,
The stipend stack, and wadna gang frae me!

L.—Aweel, but let auld sairs like that alane,
Ye 'll own that weel it 's served ye in the main;
And now it strikes me that some gaits appear
That micht be made the occasion o' a steer.
Observe the growing tendency to form
That 's in the kirk-gaun mind—there brews a storm!

N.—And in a gude direction, too, it blaws,
Gin ye could tack till 't twa three gaudy braws.
L.—Aweel, what think ye o' a gay surplice,
A gorgeous altar and an altar piece?—
Perhaps a reg'lar set o' prayers to read,
Instead o' gi'en a lang extempore screed;
In fact, a leaf tak frae the Bishop's book,—
We may in time, perhaps, e'en get his crook!
N.—That 's very gude,—'twill please the upper
Wi' little fear frae Jenny Geddes' stool;
For noo-a-days puir folk hae nocht to say,
Gin gay aristocrats but lead the way.
L.—Then, Doctor, music crownin' a' micht cha
Frae stubborn chields their fangs o' harm,
And get the auld folks' antiquated choice
To lead their praise wi' organ's solemn voice.
N.—Perhaps it would; but mind, expect a stor
For Scotland's rigid Presbyterian form
Is like the blude—'tis life,—and gin ye wound,
'Twill clart ye and yer ritual round and round!
The Scotch are jealous o' an English turn
E'er since the trippin' up at Bannockburn.

L.—I 'se study that, and calculate it a',
And glibely crack o' prejudice awa';
Then gently edge the little finger in,
But ne'er the hand until prepared to win;
Thus using circumspection in the form,
I think we'll ride triumphant through the storm.

N.—Ha! ha!—ye cam' to learn wha 're fit to teach,—
The pupil 's far owregane his master's reach!
Gin ye 're the wiley loon ye seem, my fegs,
Ye 'll win yer name as sure as eggs are eggs!

L.—Man, isna 't grand?—I 'm sure I hope nae lang
Without an opportunity will gang,
To raise for us a bright and glorious name
High up upon the steeple tap o' fame,
Amang the worthies fond o' crackin',
In some proud niche that 's worth the takin'.

N.—But stop my friend, your thochts o' future weel
May sune owretap yer head into a creel;
Be wary, wise and cautious, and my prayer
Will aye attend ye wharsoe'er ye are.

L.—Thanks, dear Doctor, for your counsel sage,
Sae worthy o' this great improving age;

Gin I can serve ye, there 's my trusty hand,
A' my great talents are at your command.
N.—I thank ye, doctor; we little ken what w
Lie hid in time an ell before our nose;
Then let us mind, in ilka het affray,
To help ilk ither upwards on our way;
And just as time and circumstance affords,
I 'll help the cause wi' kind and saft "Good Wo

A LEGEND OF THE DAISY.

LONG had sunk the light of day,
When, prostrate on the cold, green sod,
Within Gethsemane, there lay,
Disconsolate, the Son of God.

With bitter sighs His bosom heaved,
In sorrow's voice He cried aloud,
Till, torn with grief, His heart relieved
Itself with sweat of crimson blood.

Down from His quivering brow it fell,
A dropping stream upon the ground;
And long that spot could passers tell,
So bare amid the green around.

And autumn came, and spring-time's showers,
And summer's zephyrs softly blew,
Yet on that spot no other flowers
Save some sweet mountain daisies grew.

And as each raised its drooping head,
Its serrate fringe was crimson dyed:
Memorial of the tears He shed,
And of the hour to blood He sighed.

As in salvation's world-wide flow,
The heaven-inspired apostle band,
First to God's chosen people go,
And then abroad to every land;

So from that spot the daisy bears
To all the world a message brief:
The crimson of its fringe declares
The story of the Saviour's grief.

THOU SYLVAN GLADE.

THOU sylvan glade, so quiet, so swe
Where day-light loves in shade to
How oft I'd seek thy blest retreat,
Did only gloamin' longer bide.

How grateful is thy beechen shade,—
Thy foliage closing in the dell,
Thy cowslip's bashful drooping head,—
The purple of thy heather bell.

'Tis only evening's golden ray
Can pierce thy rich and leafy fen;
The morning and the noontide gay,
Too rude were for thy solemn glen.

The yellow broom its fragrance sends
T' enhance the joy thou'st gathered there;
The wild thyme and the gowan lend
Their presence sweet to busk thee fair.

Far from thy topmost spring-born twig
The lintie's notes resounding ring;
While, trickling from the moss-clad rock,
Melodious rippling gives the spring.

And high upon the trembling birk
The gamboling squirrel romps at play,—
A restless elf that sports at work,—
A sprite that romps the live-long day.

Ere evening hides the hill from sight,
Night wraps thee in its murky shroud;
Then let me seek ere take their flight,
The joys held in thy solitude.

Thus sweetest hours are shortest lived,
And blessed moments swiftest fly;
And love, so quenched, leaves life bereaved,
Then seize each treasure ere they die.

HOPE.

OH! how bitter it is, to be sure,
To be loved, then left and forsaken!
But hope is a fountain, refilling
The heart from whence love hath been taken.
Though darkness may veil time's unfolding,—
O'er the hours fast evolving hold sway,
Yet hope pours in sunshine, beholding
How the rent heart is soothed by its ray.

Ah! me! that I never had seen him,
Never trusted the tales that he told;
Though burning with fervor, 'twas seeming
And false,—aye, in truth they were cold.
Ah! pride is a demon, possessing
The heart where I fancied love shone;
'Twas his pride that made him to woo me,
Pride prompted to leave when he'd won.

Yet the rose which the rude winter's blast
Has stript of its leaves and its flowers,
When the spring comes fresh fragrance will cast,
And in beauty anew deck the bowers;
So the heart which the tempests of life
Hath shrouded in sorrow and gloom,
Shall burst forth, renewed for the strife,
In the spring-time which hope makes to bloom.

WHAT IS KINDNESS?

WHAT is kindness?—go forth and ask
The toiling, very poor,
What 'tis would make life's current flow
With stream more bright and pure?

And they will say how sympathy
Would help to cast behind
The drear out-look of coming days—
To sympathize is kind.

Yea! it is sweet when, sorrow bent,
The heart droops low and lone,
To hear the angel voice which comes
In kindness' soothing tone;
But 'tis not all that cheering words
For mourning breasts we find;
The sympathizing heart will burn
To acts—and thus be kind.

What is kindness?—'tis to bestow
Whate'er the needy want,
To clothe the orphan's shivering limbs—
Give bread when bread is scant;
To add to joy where joy may reign,
To heal where wounds we find;
With word, or act, or smile, or tear,
Find fitting deed—'tis kind.

And kindness is when brothers strive
'Mid waves of poverty,
To stretch the warding hand to raise,
And give sweet liberty;
To free them when privation's thralls
With cares o'er-burdening bind,
And find how life fits into life—
Aye, this, in truth is kind.

THE INGLE SIDE.

THE future may our thoughts o'ercast,
And kindle gloom old days ne'er feared;
Misfortune comes, and e'en may blast
The towering castles youth had reared.

The spring-time makes the blossoms grow,
And summer makes the valley green,
And soon the fairest flowers will blow
Where winter's barrenness had been.

So life has times—but oh! how brief!—
When joys like summer flowers appear
And there are moments too, when grief,
Like winter's snow, hides all that 's fair

But at the homely ingle side
The world rubs softer than 'tis wont ;—
Permits the heart its cares to chide,
And worries wash in purer font.

Blow, winter, now thy wildest forms,
With icy hand bleak nature freeze,—
Here love transforms thy rudest storms
Into the zephyr's softest breeze.

LIFE-FLOWERS.

IT was summer, and my children
Romped the wild woods o'er with gle
Sought out the fairest flowers, and then
Brought them home in love to me:

So should we deem our fleeting lives,
As o'er time's flowery meads we roam,
As passed in labor sweet, that gives
Joy to a loving Father's home:
Toil we must, but then our labor,
Wrought in love unto the King,
Secures His everlasting favor
When before His throne we sing:
We gather now the flowers of time,
To bear to Him in yonder clime.

Gather, then, O gather, gather!
The fields we tread o'er day by day,
Are a-bloom with flowers wherever
Duty calls us on the way!
Each act that fills the passing hour,
Though trivial it may seem when done,
May in the future bloom a flower,
And fragrance yield when it is gone.
Life's little kindnesses—the first
To be forgot, so small are they,—
The draught to quench the stranger's thirst,
The wiping of a tear away,—

These the chaplets that are wove in time,
To bear the King in yonder clime!

He loved the lilies while He trod,
A stranger on earth's weary way,
And loves them still, although as God
He reigns with universal sway.
His life, all beautiful with love,—
Flowers that will bloom on for ever,—
He gave, to raise the world above
Those meaner things *our* lives uncover.
Gather, then, O gather, gather,
Flowers to deck His royal throne;
Heed not the rose's thorns, but rather
Cull the brightest for His crown;
He 'll welcome gifts of lowly worth,
And heaven receive some joy of earth!

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

I USED to love my mother's smile,
Ere childhood's years had fled away;
For none could infant grief beguile—
So surely make a tear be gay—

As she who loved to watch
The cloud of care's approach,
And light the gloomy brow
With gladsome humor's glow,
In a trice;
'Twas then my mother's smile,
Far more than riches' wile,
Knew no price.

But when the flight of years has changed
Confiding childhood into youth,
How oft we find the heart deranged,
And rudeness undermining truth;
And I did dare to scorn—
Recked not her heart was torn—
My good old mother's smile!—
Aye, *scorned* it for a while,
Till I knew,
When came maturer sense,
I ne'er could recompense
Her so true.

And now, amid the toil and strife
Of manhood's duties, joy, and pain,

Be it the pleasure of my life,
To raise my mother's smile again!—
To dwarf her weight of care,
And all her sadness share,—
Make gladness to approach
In hours once spent in watch
For her boy,
And know, instead of fears,
In all her coming years,
Nought but joy.

NOW AND HENCE.

I.

THE world!—all here is bustling life,
And eager toiling day by day;
Morn girds each laborer for the strife,
And night scarce casts the goad away;
What the wealth that warrants this,
What the treasure, what the bliss?

Should each long day, so fraught with dread,
Be frittered off for daily bread?—
Surely life should garner more
Than life can use within its span;
And surely there's a nobler store
Wherein to bank the toil of man?
There is!—it upward lies!—Oh! strive on, then;
Work while life lasts, and rest will come amain.

II.

Work!—work!—unflagged in heart or hand,
The work that to each hour belongs;
There are no duties that may stand,—
None may give place to pleasure's songs;
For delays are regained never,—
Now undone, undone for ever!
Life is filled to overflowing,
And in each moment seeds are sown;
Reap ye to-day's while they are growing,—
To-morrow can but hold its own;
Then labor on, and strive to raise,
Ere comes the evening of our days,
The approving Master's smile divine,
"Faithful, well done,—the crown is thine!"

III.

Among the graves!—how calm, how still,
How peaceful all at last are laid;
For quenched is each impetuous will,
And each aspiring hope is dead!
Lo! each in time for long had toiled,—
Has each one's *end* been gained or foiled
Who may answer?—not the dust
That moulders here; nor has the past
Kept record of those aims at all;—
The clustering doubts that cause the mind
To speculate at manhood's fall,
Can no unveiling medium find,
Till all shall reap the fruit they sowed in tim
In endless woe, or yonder heavenly clime.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

"OH! weary, weary, dull and lone,
Appears our little home to-night;
How cheerless is it wanting one
Whose tiny footfalls brought delight!

True, nightly as came shadows low,
Slumber stilled her merry shout;
Yet was her presence felt; but now
I feel as if I've *locked her out!*"

"Hush, my dearest, stay complaining;
Our Father orders all things well;
Were we now our child regaining,
What the issue?—ah! who may tell?
Now we know it,—yes! we *know* it,
That she is free from blighting sin;
Shortly will the Master show it,
That He has kindly *locked her in!*"

FAITH, A SUPPORT IN BEREAVEMENT.

A PARENT'S love!—*when* is it that
It highest, holiest, noblest seems?
Where is it seen in garb of what
Idealizes love's best dream?

'Tis where, 'mid cherished objects dear,
It round the humble hearth entwines;
'Tis when, like gold that's furnace drawn,
Affliction-tried, it purest shines.

I knew a pair, together drawn
By tender love's all-potent call,
Whose hearts welled forth each other's joy,—
Each to the other all in all.
And happy was their humble home,
Each wish the other's mind and will;
And then, a soul was trusted them,
As if to weld them closer still.

In years and stature grown, she was
Affection's centre-point;—as past
The summer's breeze sweet fragrance bears,
A balm across their life she cast;
But, like the early floweret, nipp'd
By spring's first-ushered frosty breath,
She withered,—nor could love nor skill
Avert the sure-shot dart of death!

Noble, man-like, calm, serene,
The father viewed his clay-cold child;
Too full for tears, his heart had broke,
Had faith not forth in prayer welled:
"Oh! Thou who gave and tak'st, 'tis well
Thou givest strength for grief, for toil;
Thy hope now whispers that Thy gift
Thou 'st planted in a purer soil."

The mother felt—(what mother would
Not feel the pang of riven love?)—
"She felt as only mothers feel,"—
'Neath faith subdued the affections move.
No sickly love was hers,—she bore
Her goaded heart to sorrow's goal;
Affliction's wild, deep river rolled
Calm and majestic o'er her soul.

A parent's love! that grace innate,
In mercy saved from Eden's wreck,
Which man reveres, and which, without,
Our first frail tenderness would break!

Oh! cherish it, and seek from whence
Alone it can exalted grow;
The nearer to the Source we draw,
The stream will better, purer flow.

A RETROSPECT.

FROM the sun-illumined mountain top
The eye encompasses the vale,
And far beyond, the glittering sail
Of the white bark upon the ocean's breast;
And outward to the clear horizon's crest,
There is no imperfection seen, to stop
The rush of admiration's glow
Of heaven-sent sweetness in its earthward flow;
Yet, in our knowledge of the wide, fair scene,
We can remember spots that intervene,
Where noxious quagmires taint the air,
And beauty's seeming touch deceives,
All hid within the mantling glare
Of polish'd charm which distance gives.

So from the height of hale threescore,
The heart, reflective, backward peers
O'er memories of by-gone years,
And finding life present a gladdened whole,
Reviews its joys in gratitude of soul,
And calmly sees—life's valley travelled o'er—
Time's outer verge, and far beyond, that sea
Of mystery, boundless eternity;
Though well it knows that many deeds had cast
Dark shadows over conscience in the past,
And many sufferings come in sight,
That memory gives no leave to flee,
Yet all are hid within the light
Of love that beams from Calvary.

A STORY OF THE SWALLOW.

DID we ponder on the glories
Which history's early ages show,
Told us in some quaint old stories
Of strange things done long, long ago,

We would not deem that *all* were fable,
Or mythic from their age, forsooth;
But tablets scribed of old, and able
To teach some strains of precious truth

Far back in the long gone ages,
When God's creative word was given,
Hateful of the war sin wages,
The swallow sought to wing to heaven
And so far from earth adoring
Made the wish an instinct true,
Till, high o'er cloud for ever soaring,
Its wing partook of heaven's bright blu

And though, with all earth-born, denied
To fly within the jewelled walls,
The heavenward effort still defied
The lurements of sin-tainted thralls;
And holier joys and sweeter songs
It listed of the angel crowd;
And music that to heaven belongs
Piped down to earth from out the clou

And when the herald angel throng
Sang of heaven's good-will to earth,
The swallow welcomed with a song
The tidings of the Saviour's birth;
And through His weary pilgrim life,
From Bethlehem to Calvary,
Gave sweetest comfort 'mid the strife—
Love's service rendered faithfully.

Till came at length that dreadful day
When God's Beloved yields to die,
And nature hides its face away,
And hill and dale in darkness lie;
Then flew the swallow with affright
Around the cross that bore the Lord,
And strove to soothe, with all the might
That love's responsive wails afford.

And ever since that day of woe,
Its seraph song became a scream;
Nor more its joyous strains will flow,
Until, returned, the Lord is seen;

Nor has, in memory of that hour,
Its wing been of celestial blue,
But, grieving for the Lord of power,
Of mourning black has been its hue!

'Tis foolish, mayhap, yet 'tis grand,
To think that in this legend old—
In swallow's flight from land to land—
The tidings of salvation 's told:
That in its scream and blackened wing
It preaches of the same old story,
That saints on earth and seraphs sing—
The dying of the Lord of glory!

THE DAISIES.

THE daisies come and the daisies go,
And our hearts are warmed with a conscious glow
Of kindlier love,—we love them so;
They carry us back to our childhood's days,
When the heart was light in its guileless ways;
And for ever, methinks, the daisy says,—

"I come and go,
Failing never, but grow
O'er all God's earth, and so,
Proclaiming His goodness with summer's glow,
Tell how sweetly His love and His mercies flow."

The daisies come and the daisies go,—
In the woods and fields and by roadsides grow,
Everywhere, everywhere, seeking to show
The unceasing love of the Father's care,
Who gifts so lowly a thing such share
Of the beauty He sheds o'er earth so fair,
Still preaching so,
Where'er they go,
That men may know,
By the breadth of the hills and dales they sow,
How wide His love and His mercies flow.

The daisies come and the daisies go,—
In childhood's heart make summer glow
With holier joy, and innocence flow

With a purer stream, that in after days
Will afford a guard from the tempter's ways,
And bless through life what the daisy says,—
"As I come and go,
Let me ever show,
That where'er men go,
Through sorrow or joy, they still may know
God's mercies follow with ceaseless flow."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LITTLE by little the oak and the beech trees
Have grown to the stature we see them to-day,
By littles were nourished in sunshine and breeze,
And little by little they 'll wither away.

Little by little the rain-drops forgather,
On mountain and valley, gently, but ever;
In littles they mingle, and roll on together,
And swell by degrees to the swift rolling river.

Little by little the ocean waves tumble
And roll on the beach their vast mountains of sand;
Little by little the billows will crumble
Away the great rocks of the ocean-girt strand.

And, far 'neath the billows, the coral is building,
Little by little, its wonderful towers,
Till the island appeareth in beauty, and yielding
The sweetest of fruits and the fairest of flowers.

Little by little, slow and steady, the dawning
Rolls up the darkness that curtains the vale,
Ushering in day-beams of glory, disowning
The stealth of the night where the shadows prevail.

And little by little the warm sun's greeting
Weans flowers from earth's bosom, sweet-fragranced and fair,
Till the summer hours pass, quietly, but fleeting,
Bequeathing to autumn her dowery rare.

Little by little the snowflakes, descending,
 Provide for the earth a mantle so pure,
That the shriven heart sees, with prophecy blending,*
 The symbol of heaven, eternal and sure.

And that heart, growing slowly, little by little,
 In meetness for glory, sees whiteness of years
With gladness no joy of the earth can unsettle,
 For little by little faith buries its fears.

TO E. F. AND M. F. W.

ACROSTICAL.

BRIGHT in hope as heart can make it,
 Rich in thoughts of coming gladness,
Is thy future as I'd paint it,
Gilt by love, disrobed of sadness;
Happiness thy lot together,
True, and warm, and lasting ever;

* Isaiah i. 18; lv. 10, 11.

Brilliant as the gem's bright glitter,
Ever sparkling, never bitter;
Trusting, 'mid the world's rude gloom,
Heaven may cast aside—consume,
Every barrier to life's perfume.

Smiles are heaven's balm for sorrow,—
They tell us still of joy in store;
All our shades are light to-morrow,
Radiant when the grief is o'er!
Oh! may smiles for ever light thee,
Fearful of no gloom to blight thee;
Thine be the happiness they bring,
Hallowed as those thoughts that spring
Yearning to other hearts to cling.

Union!—'tis love's holiest token,
Nature gave when life began,—
In Eden were the words first spoken,
"Two in wedlock shall be one;
Each thought the one's fond mind may see,
Dear to the other's heart shall be."

Dear beloved! since nature's given
Every loving heart a mate,
Surely was it meant by heaven,
That purer joy it should create:
If so, surely thou shalt bless the hour,
Nigh drawing, when love's magic power
Yields sunniest light, nor cloud to lour.

MACBETH.

MACBETH, usurper of another's throne,
Who grasped with bloody hands old Scotia's
And marked with iron heel that ancient time;
Who robed the majesty of kings
Within a ghastly garb of crime;—
Shall he with reverend Duncan share
The honors of the good and fair,
Or, reckoned with our sacred things,
Enjoy a niche of equal fame
As holds the gentle Malcolm's name?

Nay! kings are conservators of right,—
Their country's honor is their own;
Then should their deeds in history's sacred light
Be pure when centuries have flown.

MY BOOKS.

I HAVE had friends whose friendship died away,
And some, diseased by selfishness, a day
Was all their little life of love; some wane
Or wax as circumstances move; the main
Of all are fickle as the cloud-swept skies,
Or mists that o'er the mountain-tops arise;
But I have friends within my own home bower
Whose love no seasons withers; yet no flower
Can match their sweetness; their's is far above
The wayward constancy of human love;
They are my teachers unto truth sublime,
And give for patterns hero-men of time;
Right noble friends are they—my books—whose bloom
Sheds joy o'er life, from manhood to the tomb.

A' ISNA GOLD THAT GLITT

WHEN toiling puirtith finds its wants
Though modest, scrimpit,—ill suppl
And sees how riches idly vaunts
Itself in littleness of pride,
How can we blame if that they dream
Their own cup has but bitters?
Teach them such pleasures only seem—
For a's nae gold that glitters.

Teach how of nobleness no part
Was ever tied to station;
Nor have they aught to boast whose heart
To titles makes ovasion.
How frequent is 't that fashion's glow
But only spoils the getters;
The soul is checked in generous flow—
Thus, a's nae gold that glitters.

Then let us choose;—we 've life before us,—
A life to use, a life to gain;
With hope's sunshine beaming o'er us,
Still we'll struggle, and still we fain
Would gather up the crumbs of gladness
Which to our humble lot o'erflow;
To the brave all is not sadness—
The desert may flowerets grow.

Then toil, brave hearts!—shall hardship move us,
When duties press that on us fall?—
"With hearts to love, and hearts to love us,"
Dauntless we shall conquer all;
And scorn when wealth would make the man—
Gold never made our betters!—
With griefs their own it fills their span—
For a's nae gold that glitters.

Oh! sweet content, how glad we are
That thou 'rt most known in poor men's homes;
Ye brighten love, ye banish care,
And with thee, joy wealth knows not comes.

Then labor on!—day after day
Brings us evening joy, that fritters
Off toil's edge; fret not to be gay—
A' isna gold that glitters.

And if the evening brings us rays
Of gladness when our labor 's done,
So shall the evening of our days
Still find us glad, though all has gone!
Then shall the halesome heart discover
What were life's sweets, and what its bitter
And ratify the truth for ever—
That a's nae gold that glitters.

"JOUK AND LET THE JAW B

WHEN Johnnie fee'd to our toon,
I thocht that nane could match him
I couldna help but loe the loon,
Sae cocked my cap to catch him!

He cam' to woo, and now ayont 's
A thocht he wadna thraw by;
Sae come what will to thwart our wants,
I 'll jouk and let the jaw by.

They jeer and laugh at Johnnie's love,
They daffin' mak' o' mine, too;
But scoffin' ne'er my heart can move,
And Johnnie 's still to mine true.
Care I what envious lasses say!—
Their envy sune will blaw by;
I'll please my Johnnie and mysel',
And jouk and let the jaw by.

A towmond owre, he 'll be my ain,
When Marti'mas brings our fees round;—
Sage wisdom says 'tis best to hain
A wee before our love 's crowned.
It isna lang,—it nearer comes
As time ca's ilka daw by;
Besides, he 's worth their cuffs and slams,—
I 'll jouk and let the jaw by.

THE FROZEN BURN.

O WHARE is the wee brook that danced through the valley,
Wha's murmur at gloamin' sae sweet was to me?
Or whare are the gowans that decked a' the alley,
And gae us, when bairnies, in summer sic glee?

O cauld cam' the rude blast that blew frae the wild hills,
And keen bit the hoar frost, and fierce drave the snaw,
And they 've plucked a' the sweet flowers that busket the wee rills,
And sealed up the burnie's wee wavelets and a'.

But spring soon will come wi' its buds and its blossoms,
The waving young leaflets will clead ilka tree,
The birdie's sweet love notes will thrill frae their bosoms,
And this snaw-covered desert an Eden will be.

The wee flowers will peep up their heads by the burnie,
And its waters will dance in the sunbeams again;
Ilk thing that has life in 't will flourish and charm ye,
When the life now entombed shall have burst its ice chain.

Sae man, like the burnie when summer is glowing,
Glides on in his rapture, free, lightsome, and gay;
But life has its winter, and towards us 'tis flowing,
And soon will its rude breath freeze us in the clay.

But there is a summer the soul kens is comin',
When life to these temples anew will be given;
Then fret nae, but cheer ye, and comfort yer gloamin'—
The grave has but planted the flowerets for heaven.

THE CHILD AND THE WILD FLOWERS.

THE bonnie, bonnie flow'rets that speckle owre the lea,
O whare do they come frae, or whare do they gae?
Or whare do they flee to when comes the winter's snaw,
Or find a beild to scoug them in when fierce the tempests blaw?

Oh! do they gang to sunny lands that's ever fair and green,
Or hae they too a heaven like that ye tell'd me o' yestreen?
Or are they pu'd by angel hands, and borne far o'er the sea?
For oh! I canna think that they, sae fairylike, maun dee.

I 've pu'd them on the burnie's bank, I 've pu'd t
the brae;
But O! I couldna pu' them a', and for the lave I'n
And, mither, may they sleep wi' me?—ye 'll hap
e'en,
And when the summer comes again, we 'll plant t
the green!

And we 'll watch them a' the summer hours, an
them cannily,
Until the angels came again to tak' them owre th
For, mither, arne they bonnie flowers?—and th
dear to me—
They 're surely sent frae better lands to teach us

Oh! what are a' the gowden gems that deck th
fair,—
They canna sparkle half sae bricht 's my gowan
knot there!
Oh! how their gold busks ilka spot owre a' the
lea!—
My buttercups, my gowan gems, are dearer far t

ACROSTIC.

JUST as the moon with mellow ray can gild
Ev'n scenes the boldest well might shun;
And as the heart in airy hope can build
New life and joy in love begun,—
I felt my nature softened when ye smiled,
Each ruder impulse from my breast beguiled.

As sunbeams struggling through the mists of morn,
In radiance bursting from the bonds of night,
Trend to noon's hour of glory, and adorn
Cosmeted earth with heaven's out-radiate light!—
How warms the heart where love hath freshly dawned,
In smiles perceiving all the sunbeams' glow!
So were thy smiles when first they thee enbalmed,
Our love ensealing in their constant flow—
No future feared, and every doubt becalmed.

THE LADS O' TAY.

'TIS sweet to roam by rumbling Tay,
When gloamin 's brocht the hour to v
I list till 's sang—it seems to say,
"Ye soon will get the lad ye lo'e!"
O the bonnie lads o' Tay,
O the strappin' lads o' Tay;
My heart is fu'— I canna say
How weel I lo'e my lad o' Tay.

Tweed and Yarrow, Clyde and Dee,
Meander cheerily on their way;
Nobler streams they canna be—
Nae wonder there 's sic lads on Tay!

They 're bonnie flowers the lassies lo'e
That busk owre ilka bank and brae;
But blest the lass wha's 'tis to pu'
A flower frae 'mang the lads o' Tay.

Hieland lads are brave and bold,
And southern loons are free and gay;
But a' the gude that can be told,
I hae it in my lad o' Tay.

I've kent some anxious, weary years;
But what care I their dule and wae;
I ken he's true beyond a' fears—
For faithfu' are the lads o' Tay.

Swift as rows Tay's silver stream,
Sae swift wi' him the maments flew;
I blest was then—'twas mair a dream,
Than ocht that could be real and true.

The sun ahint the muirland 's gaun,
The trystin' hour was close o' day;
The shades are owre the green woods fa'n—
I 'll hie me to my lad o' Tay.
O the bonnie lads o' Tay,
O the strappin' lads o' Tay;
My heart is fu'—I canna say
How weel I lo'e my lad o' Tay.

MY JEANIE.

O!! pure as day was Jeanie's heart,
And sae, I trow, thocht mony mair
And ilk ane strave wha 'd hae the art
To win my darling Jeanie fair;
But little wist they wha she lo'ed,—
To whom she 'd gi'en that heart awa,—
To whom her gentle lips had vowed
To lo'e him best amang them a'.

Oh! beauty's time's aft quickly run—
Just like a gleam o' golden licht
Dashed frae the glowin' autumn sun,
Ere sinks he in the mirk o' nicht;
But she has beauty o' her ain—
'Twould quell a weight o' saddening ca
'Tis mair than warlds o' gowden gain,
For beauty o' the soul is hers.

Auld cankered Time preserves the frowns
That gather on the haughty brow;
And years wi' sullen gloom surrounds
The face where temper lowers enow;
But age may come—he ne'er can quaff
The glee my Jeanie's eye-lids wear—
He'll ne'er efface her gladsome laugh,
But rather fix 't—in wrinkles—there!

BIRTH-DAY WELCOMES.

I.

A Letter to Brother Tom.

PREPARE for michty news, dear Tom,
For michty news I hae to send ye;—
I say "prepare," for, losh, I fear
In case wi' laughin' it should rend ye!

Here, then, it is,—but yet I fear!—
Come, haud yer splittin' sides,—be ready!—
A sonsy, dainty lass is here,
Wha ca's yer brither Bob her daddy!

Isna she a wondrous lass,
Can work sic ferlies sin' she 's come!
She 's made ye, wham she never saw,
A veritable "Uncle Tom!"

And mammy, too, 's a granny now,—
Nae wonder that she 's blythe and canty!
And Tib—she 's maist gaen gyte wi' joy,
Because the skirler 's made her "aunty."

Come, man, fill yer biggest bowl,
O'erflowing frae the purest spring,
And drink success—or what ye will,—
That luck unto yer niece can bring.

Then bare yer sonsy, curly pow,
And blaw a blessing to the quean;
Though lang 's the way 'tween you and her,
A fervent blessing ne'er can tine!

II.

The Baby.

HARK! 'tis a new-come voice that makes
The long-hushed chamber's echoes ring;
That heralds eternal themes, and wakes
Sweet chords that round affection cling.

It leads our thoughts t' unfathomed depths,
Or towering heights we cannot climb;
Where mystery is too great to pierce
The veil that wraps all gifts divine.

But yet whose helpless, tiny form
Our hearts to sweet compassion move;
Whose praying feebleness yet serves
To feed and fan the flame of love.

The Master graciously has sent
A saint to tutor for His praise,—
Confided to our humble care
A wondrous thing of endless days!

Oh! Father, may Thou still vouchsafe
 Grace to perform the task Thou 'st given,
And wisdom to direct and lead
 This little soul the way to heaven.

For what were life and pleasure if
 The object of that life be lost,—
If, when our span of time has sped,
 We find our "now" our "then" has crosse

Oh! may we realize 'tis sent
 To travel towards a glorious end—
Like to a pilgrim—and Thou 'st given
 Its tender years to us to 'fend.

How grand the thought!—our little minds
 Can scarcely grasp th' enlarging truth,
That this frail thing, when time has passed,
 Will but *begin* immortal youth.

The wide world teems with objects fair,
 And each in purpose noble are;

But, strange, to this—the feeblest—'s given
A destiny that 's nobler far.

The "wreck of matter and the crash
Of worlds" may tell of ending time;
The hills—so everlasting—melt,
Yet, little soul, no end is thine.

III.

Another Baby.

ANOTHER one! another soul
To bless our happy home!—
Another spirit to control
In this wild world, come!

Oh! can it be?—so much of joy!—
So much of bliss, forsooth?
Indeed it is!—and 'tis a boy!—
Now we are blest, in truth!

This now makes six—how nice a set!
A round half-dozen given;—
Five daily at our table sit,
One sits with Christ in heaven.

Thou art welcome, little lad,
To all our tenderest care;
Thou art a gift that makes us glad,
And all our joys thou 'lt share.

How bounteously of things of earth,
As well of things of heaven,
Our Father gives, and doubtless hath
For thee a portion given.

We knew thy coming—so did He;
We provided—so did He;
But to glory in the ending
His hand alone leads thee!

THE REPENTANT.

WHISHT, wifie, O whisht—there 's enough i' the noo,—
Yer flytin', ye ken, mak's me dowie and glum;
And wrath, too, comes ill frae sae bonnie a mou',—
Come,—laugh—set the sulks wi' the reek up the lum.
I own to the warst o't—I canna say no,—
There 's owre muckle truth in a' that ye tell;
Baith ye and the bairnies hae wrangs that o'erflow,
For a' has gane wrang sin' to drinkin' I fell.

But oh! cease yer flytin', for I canna thole it,—
The truth that is in 't gies me nae room to stand;
Ill-doers, dear wifie, are cowards when they 're tell't o't,
For conscience gies skelps that are waur than the hand!
As aft as I've wranged ye, sae aft ye 've forgi'en me,
Whene'er in contrition my fauts I wad own;
Sae leal and sae true, through a' ye 'd forfend me,
Though yer kind heart at times be hid 'neath a frown.

Ah! wifie, we dreed nae that this should hae con
When, blythe in ilk ither, we woo'd 'mang the
And ill deeds hae saddened and darkened our hoi
As the rank weed usurps whare the bonnie flowe
But a' has an end, come it late, come it ear',
E'en the lang days o' June the gloamin' maun
'Tis time now to struggle and rise frae the mire,-
Frae henceforth, dear wifie, the richt gate I 'll

THE BROKEN TRYST.

COME, my lassie, to the trystin',
Ye pledged me to be here at e'en;
Dowie thocht my heart is burstin',—
Say, did ye pledge in troth yestreen?

I've waited sin' the sun at e'en
Began to sink ayont the hill,—
Lang e'er the gloamin's sheltering screen
Hid in shade baith wood and fell;

Lang e'er the lintie's sweet wild note
Had sung her watchful mate to rest;
But now, I'm patience-wrung, I wot,
For fient a blade thy foot hath prest.

Bright now the stars through darkness glower,
They mock my weary waiting here,
And soon the eerie midnight hour
Will set the lanesome ghaists asteer.

Oh! had ye kept your tryst at e'en,
And met me in this woody neuk,
These stars a favoring smile had gi'en,
And nocht o' ill had daur'd to look.

How weary do the maments flee
When anxious love wad meet its dear!—
How cauld when nocht response will gie
To a' the hopes affection reared!

I'll hie me to my lanesome hame,
And waukrife pass the nicht awa,
And a' life's morning passed would fain,
Sin' lost the love atween us twa.

ANXIETY.

ROUND about the ingle side
Glide the little totties;
Jockie, jinkin' round the chairs,
Has stown wee Mary's clouties.

Jock, the little wicked elf,
Likes to banter Mary,
And yet nae aim or object he,
Except to tease the fairy.

Cosie in the ingle neuk,
Sits an anxious daddy,
Slyly glowerin' owre his book,
He eyes his gleesome laddie.

Mony thochts the loon has gi'en—
Fears lest life row muddy;
For weel he kens that 'tis when green,
He maun twine round the widdy.

He watches ilka passion rise,—
 Ilk storm that frets the birkie;
Or kind words that like sunshine flies
 Through clouds when dark and murky.

And as he sees, he wonders how
 He 'll turn them to the best account,—
How train the latent powers to grow,
 And thus life's trials a' surmount;

For true it is, we may refine
 The character by nature rude,—
Its evil make the heart to tine,
 Or cause it minister to good.

MARY'S AWA.

LIKE the gowan when summer to autumn gi'es place,
 Or at e'en when the mirk fain wad nature efface,
Sae dowie and wae-like, a' drookit wi' dew,
It minds ye o' greetin'—o' friends fadin' and few.

Sae, droopin'—my wark dune—when daylicht has gane,
Like a howlet I sit on the feal dyke my lane;
Though memory brings past joys, nae hope comes ava,
For my joy was in Mary, and Mary 's awa.

O Mary, when first through the hallan we ran,
When our auld folks to ither near neebors becam',
Ere love for ilk ither had cost us a thocht,
Or the warld its care to our licht hearts had brocht,
How sweet flew the maments—how blythe was I then,—
Ere the gloamin' had fled, I wished mornin' again;
But now, like the flowers when the leaves 'gin to fa',
I fushionless droop, for my Mary 's awa.

And when towmonds had gane, and had doucer thochts brocht,
O what bliss! I 'd been bauld had I ither joys socht;
Though the day's wark was hard, aft wi' hardship arrayed,
Yet a' ills were forgot when wi' Mary I strayed;
When the burn lent its murmur, and the birdies their lay,
And a couch to be envied the broom blossoms gae;
When the scented dell's silence was broke by our crack,
Or—for love isna words—when we ne'er a word spak';

'Neath the sunshine o' smiles that aye fell frae her e'e,
Wi' the warmth o' the kindness she aye showed to me,
Fley'd friendship had ripe'd to the full blow o' love,
Sae fervent, sae deep, that awa 'twinna move.
Like gowd sunk in ocean, whase value we ken o',
But, deep in the depths, we can na mair than dream o';
It is lost to its owner,—sae hopeless, I dree,
Sin' the billows row 'tween us, is Mary to me.

And the maments—time's wavelets—hae rowed on their course,
Though lichtly they fa', wha may reckon their force!
Now a ghaist's in ilk thorn tree, ilk broom bush, or stane,
For the lane heart mak's a' thing around it as lane.
But sing on, ye birdies, and row on, sweet burnie,
I ance loved your sangs—and I still would—but daurna
Let my sear'd heart recall them—I'd e'en let them fa'
Frae my mem'ry, for Mary, wha shared them, 's awa.

THE heart has gentle thrills at times,
That come and go, we know not whence o
'Tis now a peal from sacred sorrow's chimes,
And then a joy that lights the languid eye;
They come as summer fragrance steals,
Or moonlight breaking o'er the hills,
Or as evening's shadowy spells,—
With sudden sweetness; and their vibrates swell
So light that there is no desire to quell;
They are like dream-enchanted memories,
That come to soothe and bless care's reveries,
Or peace-born shoots within a heart of strife,
That stir forgotten loves, or tell
Of youth time's fancies clinging still to life.

SABBATH-DAY COMMUNINGS.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL! sacred day! we see in thee
More than thou 'rt deemed—a day of rest,
Or day in which our souls at best
Can nearer draw to Deity.
Thou 'rt the precursor of a time to come,
To whence sweet expectation takes
Captive our wayward thoughts, and makes
To dwell in rapture on a better home,—
Nobler far than earth can give,
Too fair that we should seek to live
For ever here, though beauty's form still clings
With subtle glossing to desireful things!
Hail! holy day! for thou dost shadow forth
The grand eternal Sabbath waiting earth!

GRACE SUFFICIENT.

HOWE'ER so small a mete
Of grace—were 't but a seed—
Which Thou vouchsafest me, O Lord,
Yet by the power of Thy Word
And Spirit on that little seed,
Thou makest me a saint indeed,
Lowly at Thy feet
Sitting, a vessel meet
To bear Thy mercy sweet,
And chosen of Thee.

Whate'er Thy gracious will
Design'st, I cannot tell;
But let me walk as knowing Thee
The pledged to help when faith would flee
In weakness to Thy sheltering hand,
And trembling at Thy side to stand,
Finding all I need
From Thine own self proceed,
Nor asking me to heed
The littleness in me.

Drawn from sin's paths away,
Each dawning morrow may
Find me still farther on the road
That leadeth to the heaven of God,
The tempter's stumbling blocks removed,
And fetters that had once been loved;
Briers becoming less,
And finding more of bliss,
The harder on I press
To the goal.

Ever at my faltering side,
Oh! graciously abide,
Until heaven's pearly gates appear,
And I am bid to enter there;
Then, if reflective power is given,
I 'll think not of earth's friendships riven,
But of that little seed
Thou gavest in my need,
Which made my soul succeed
To heaven's sweet bliss.

"BE YE HOLY, FOR I AM HOLY

TEACH me, O Lord, how I may tal
The measure of Thy holiness;
For this world's teachings only make
Patterns mean in lowliness.
Illume my darkened soul, that I,
Led by constraint of grace, may see,
In greatness of Thy majesty,
All that Thou demand'st in me;
And yet, how may I hope to find,
Within my sin-enslaved mind,
Aught of Thy glorious image bright,
To bring me favour in Thy sight?—
Oh! Lord, in vileness I to Jesus flee,
And bring *His* holiness to serve for me!

TRUTH.

WHEN life's morning 's fled away,
When comes the eve of manhood's
When age's fleeting moments wane,
And each must launch upon the main

Of dread eternity, with skies
That lower as when fierce storms arise,—
Then Truth gives rest—a peaceful bower
Enfragranced with Hope's graceful flower,
Where hearts, unbent of care, above
All senseful strain, are led by love,
To raise forecastive thoughts sublime
Beyond the fretting things of time:—
Truth gives a soil where faith may bloom
In life's assurance o'er the tomb.

FAITH'S REVERIE.

LORD, graciously Thou 'st given Thine aid,
That I might live on undismayed,
E'er since my faltering heart essayed
To cling to Thee.

As opening dawn dispels the night,
Thou gav'st my darkened soul the sight
Of faith, to see Thy glorious light
Revealing Thee.

Oh! let me, tremblingly arrayed
In Thine own righteous robe, be made
Strong for each time of cloud or shade,
And cling to Thee.

Then, though Thou send'st me chastening w
To make my grossness purer grow,
My heart amid its grief shall know
Thou lovest me;

And as my days in ceaseless roll
Bring nigh the hour that severs soul
And dust, be Thou my heaven—the goal
My faith would see.

And when is stilled my waning breath,
And praise and prayer are hushed in death,
Help by Thy power, ev'n as Thou saith,—
Oh! cling to me.

"THE WORD."

"In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was God; and th was made flesh, and dwelt among us."—JOHN I. 1, 14.

THE Word,—God's Word!—what strange er this?—
What hidden mystery has this wondrous name?
Lo! can it be that all its meaning is
That it was God who spake when Jesus came?
Yea!—this is true, but deeper still
What God would teach us of His will.
It is in speech I commune with a friend,
And language gives my thoughts a purposed end;
Heart unto heart a spring of love affords,
But every interchange is draped in words;
And so, methinks, my faith finds surer rest
Since in our Saviour we have GOD EXPREST;
God speaks, and that we understand His plan,
His Word appears in person—as a man!

"CHRIST, THE POWER OF GOD."

ALL men revere an honoured father's name,
And love the memory of a brother's fame
The patriotic deeds of every age
Are deemed the riches of historic page;
And thus I'd view His glorious work divine,
The world-wide spreading of His truth benign,
Who is of earth, and heaven, and angels Lord,—
From whom all sprang at one creating word;
Who wields God's power, yet who, with regal gr
Owns as His brethren our benighted race!
Oh! matchless thought! would I could grasp th
Within the compass of my earth-bound soul,
That all the wisdom, power, and love benign
That are in God, in brother Christ are mine!

"I WILL."

FAINT and faltering, yet would we d
To speak with boldness our resolves,
Trusting—though the heart lays bare
Many stumblings ere a day revolves—

That the end will yet accomplish
All we seek to gain, or be,—
All the good that good men cherish,
All the evil that they flee,
Achieved or crushed by sovereign will
Bending us toward righteous acts;—
We work in ardent hope that still
God smiles wherever man enacts
His precepts as his busied hours evolve,
His heart sterned by "omnipotent resolve!"

SOLITUDE.

ALONE upon the mountains drear,
Seeing the world, yet feeling not
The turmoil of its care and fear,
That mars that sense of hopeful thought
That lifts the toil-freed soul to God,
And sanctifies sweet solitude;
When the shades of coming eve
Seem gathering slow,—light loth to leave,

And dull the joy of one lone soul,
But lingers to reveal heaven's goal,
Whose secrets it would fain confide
To seeking hearts, and so abide;
'Tis thus to aid toward righteousness
God has so sweetened loneliness.

WHILE in the world, how can I sh
My life as holy, just, and true?
With sin around, and guilt innate,
How do as Thou command'st me do?
Or how, with grief or heart elate,
Still keep eternal things in view?
Let He who doth the heart create,
And fashion in a mould anew,
So change my gross and fallen state,
That I may holiness pursue;
And then, I know, nor sin nor hate,
Nor world-wise troubles, great nor few,
Can ere have power to thwart my fate,
Or wean me from His love so true.

HOW ESCAPE?

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—HEB. ii. 3.

ESCAPE!—from whence?—oh! tell me, can it be,
That man, so noble, can have cause to flee!
As if some hidden dangers hedged him round,
Or, as in prison, he were with fetters bound!
Has not a pardon, granting freedom, come,
Which urges flight to some securer home?
Yea, prisoners in sin's bondage held,
By vice enchanted, or by sloth beguiled,
The chain that held thee long enslaved is broke,
And "Be thou free!" the Stronger One hath spoke;
Be wise and flee!—mount on faith's wing, and go,
Or careless rest, and every hope forego;
Flee now or never!—while life's sand grains run,
We must accept, or meet God's wrathful Son!

HOME SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

GOD has reserved for us a home—
His heaven—when earthly things are done,
Its golden streets, its rainbow dome,
He keeps secure till life has run;
And while time's gliding moments roll
Ceaseless to the glorious goal,
He girds us daily with His love;
He 's made our earth a joyous bower,
Full plenished with fruit and flower,
And over all revealed—(that we
May strive to copy faithfully)—
The pattern of His home above!
Then be it ours, while life is given,
To make earth's home like that of heaven!



